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America

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Correspondence

Adult Education

EDITOR: In her interesting article, "Catholics Look at Adult Education" (AM. 10/4), Sister Jerome Keeler, O.S.B., complains that "Catholic educators in general have been strangely indifferent to the adult education movement." Such an all-inclusive statement should not remain completely unchallenged.

Adult education is defined by some in terms of short-term, non-credit, informal courses. This is done to distinguish it from longer, formal, credit courses offered, largely at night, by colleges and universities. There is, within the profession, good reason to differentiate in some fashion between these two methods of serving adult needs. But to limit the term "adult education" to only one of these can cause unnecessary confusion to the public at large outside of the adult education profession. The problem is not that Catholic educators have been "strangely indifferent to the adult education movement," but that Cath-

olic educators may not be devoting as much effort to informal, non-credit, adult education as some would wish them to.

The semantic difficulty about adult education becomes clear in Sister Jerome's account of the results of her October, 1957 survey of Catholic colleges and universities. 230 questionnaires were sent out. True, only 80 of the replies indicated that adult education programs were conducted, but does it follow that the other 90 responding educators were "strangely indifferent" to adult education because they do not conduct programs that meet the definition that Sister offers?

In addition, 20 of the 80 affirmative replies were eliminated because they contained only "night and Saturday courses for credit." If adult education is "that educational process which deals with the needs and aspirations of adult people as individuals and as members of the community," must Catholic colleges eliminate evening courses for sincere, well-motivated adults who seek college credit, and re-

place them with short courses having "no entrance requirements, no examinations, and no credit" in order to be considered in the adult education movement?

As a Catholic evening college dean, I have no quarrel with other areas of this vast and important field of adult education. But to say that an evening college credit course in, for example, the popular social encyclicals, taught to men and women from 20 to 60 years of age is not adult education is a semantic technicality that defies reality.

I hope that some day Loyola University may have the opportunity to do even more in the non-credit, short-course type of adult education. But we have genuine difficulty in finding enough qualified teachers and classroom space for the more than 2,000 adults who register for our evening and Saturday courses in which credit may be earned. Meanwhile, those of us in the Catholic evening colleges consider ourselves to be involved in one aspect of adult education. The national professional organization for colleges and universities offering evening credit programs is the Association of University Evening Colleges. This group numbers, at present, 116 members. Such names as Columbia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Rutgers, and William and Mary may be found on the roster. Among the 21 Catholic colleges in the AUEC are many of the oldest and largest of our universities.

Not only are Catholic colleges well represented in this adult education group, but Catholic deans play active and important roles. Rev. Henry Wirtenberger, S.J., formerly of the University of Detroit and now at Xavier University, served as president of the AUEC in 1952-53. Dr. William Conley of Marquette was elected in 1956-57. Many other Catholic educators have served as committee chairmen, have read papers and have otherwise distinguished themselves in this excellent national association.

RICHARD A. MATTHEW
Dean, University College

Loyola University
Chicago, Ill.

[Catholic institutions represented in the Association of University Evening Colleges are: Boston College, University of Dayton, DePaul University, University of Detroit, Fordham University, John Carroll University, Loyola College (Baltimore), Loyola University (Chicago), Loyola University (New Orleans), Marquette University, Regis College (Denver), Rockhurst College, St. John's University, St. Joseph's College (Phila.), St. Joseph's College (Whiting), St. Peter's College, University of San Francisco, University of Scranton, Seton Hall University, Thomas More Institute for Adult Education (Montreal), Villanova University, Xavier University (Cincinnati), etc.]

The Presidential Election of 1880

JESUIT STUDIES
by Herbert J. Clancy, S.J.

This monograph is an analysis of the presidential election of 1880. The writer has fine-combed all the available documentary evidence. The personal papers of James A. Garfield, Samuel J. Tilden, Thomas F. Bayard, Chester A. Arthur, as well as those of thirty-one other American politicians, have been carefully examined. The election was one of the closest and most exciting in all American history. Bribery, forgery, and religious bigotry formed the seamy side of an otherwise fair political contest. The loser, Hancock, was convinced that he had really been elected and then defrauded. The winner, Garfield, was promptly assassinated by a disappointed office seeker. The final chapter, which deals with Garfield's close victory and tragic death, is based in part on the assassin's own letters. The monograph joins the company of four distinguished studies of presidential elections: Gammon's study of the election of 1832, Fite's study of the election of 1860, Coleman's study of the election of 1868, and Haworth's study of the election of 1876. Like these men, the author has tried not to let Lord Acton's warning, "The impartial historian can have no friends," keep him from being objective.

Cloth, x + 294 pages. \$4.00

Loyola University Press, 3445 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois

Current Comment

"We Have a Pope!"

As the sun was setting in Rome, on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 28, the Catholic world knew that it had a new Supreme Pastor—Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch and Archbishop of Venice, who took the name of John XXIII. As darkness gathered, St. Peter's Square went wild in acclaiming the new Pope. Early the next morning, following the Solemn Mass that ended the conclave, the new Pope delivered his first public address, a 12-minute Latin discourse broadcast by Vatican Radio from the Sistine Chapel.

This brief, wide-ranging talk provides some clue to the thoughts uppermost in the mind of the one who is now the spiritual guide of a half-billion people. The theme of peace seemed to dominate his concerns. "Look at the people, listen to their voices," the Holy Father cried to the rulers of the world. "What do they implore? Not new and monstrous armaments but peace . . . justice . . . tranquility . . . concord." As his predecessor had done, however, Pope John XXIII took care to note that peace should not mean slavery. Referring with sorrow to the distressing plight of the Church behind the Iron Curtain, he termed conditions there "repugnant to civilized humanity."

As befitted a Father, the Pope addressed himself with affection to the laity engaged in Catholic Action, and to the bishops, priests and faithful everywhere. Not surprisingly for one who spent many years in the Balkans, he appealed to those separated from the Holy See to return "freely and willingly" to what is, as he put it, "their own home." The arms of the new Pope are extended to embrace both East and West.

Rail Injuries Spurt

As if railroad management didn't have enough trouble these days, the new Committee on Safety of the Railway Labor Executives' Association loosed a blast on Oct. 26 that may have embarrassing repercussions when Congress assembles in January. Citing re-

cent reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the committee charged that the increase in accidents over the past nine months has been even more alarming than the figures indicate.

The figures are bad enough. Except for January, the monthly accident totals, including the killed as well as the injured, have been running about a hundred over last year's figures. By the end of August, 8,440 railroad employees had been killed or injured. This compares with 7,402 casualties during the first nine months of 1957.

For its belief that the reality is even worse than the figures suggest, the committee offers several reasons. Not only has there been, it says, a decline in freight traffic—from 24.2 million freight car loadings in the first 35 weeks of 1957 to 19.5 million during the same period this year—but monthly rail employment has been running more than 100,000 below last year. Fewer men working fewer cars have been involved in more accidents. Finally, to make matters worse, the committee charges that the railroads have not been reporting all their accidents, as they are obliged to do by law. Of 1,347 fines paid by the railroads last year for safety violations, 310 were imposed for neglecting to report accidents.

This is not a pretty picture. It will have to be changed if the railroads expect public support in their continuing fight for favorable legislation.

Election Reflection

Now that the election excitement has died down we can spend the next few weeks quietly explaining Tuesday, Nov. 4 to one another. One reflection that will be made concerns the role bigotry played in the success or failure of certain candidates and certain issues in States like California, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pennsylvania. The final days of campaigning in California were particularly bitter.

If the 1958 elections saw a lessening of foul tactics, some credit is owed the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, its chairman, Charles P. Taft, and its executive director, Bruce L. Felknor.

In our Oct. 18 issue we drew attention to the "hate" literature circulated by some proponents of California's Proposition 16. This measure would have reimposed taxation on the State's nonpublic schools of lower than collegiate rank. On Oct. 17 the FCPC airmailed letters to every California candidate for Congress and for Governor, enclosing samples of the maggotty literature and asking:

Do you consider this sort of literature unfair? Do you approve its use, tolerate it or disapprove it? If you disapprove it, do you disassociate your campaign from this material and repudiate any support which might accrue to you from it?

Within ten days most of the candidates had replied (none gave the slightest approval), and on Oct. 29 the Committee released a full statement to the California press in which the names of the respondents and their comments were given. Prompt actions like this will unmask bigotry and keep to a minimum voters who are incapable of weighing an issue on its merits or of deciding between candidates on their ability.

Who's Dividing Pittsburgh?

To a professor of education at the University of Pittsburgh goes the distinction of having contrived the latest twist to the tired old canard about the divisiveness of nonpublic schools.

Addressing a group of school administrators last month at the Western Pennsylvania Education Conference, Dr. Maurice J. Thomas expressed concern over private school education, which he labeled "a kind of segregation." This he found as repugnant as the "political segregation" in Little Rock, Ark., and Clinton, Tenn. He deplored the sharpening of differences that occurs when "large bodies of children are withdrawn from the mainstream of American life."

A great many people, including the Catholic citizens of Pittsburgh (42 per cent of the city's school enrollment is in Catholic schools), were the objects of this insulting comparison.

Msgr. John B. McDowell, superintendent of schools for the Pittsburgh diocese, pointed out the viciousness of the comparison between "American people exercising their constitutional right to educate their children according to their own convictions" and "those

who deliberately break the laws of this land and maliciously refuse to submit to the highest judicial and executive authority in our nation."

Dr. Thomas' irresponsible remarks echo the totalitarian philosophy of education struck down several times by the U. S. Supreme Court, most notably in the Oregon School Case. Words like his are what poison the mainstream of American life and divide the community.

Miranda Prorsus—A Year After

It's a little over a year since the late Pope Pius XII issued his epoch-making encyclical *Miranda Prorsus* (Marvelous Inventions, Sept. 8, 1957), the first papal pronouncement to deal with the whole field of the entertainment media—motion pictures, radio and television. In his treatment of the cultural and moral impact of these media on the lives of vast masses of people, the Pontiff called for the mustering of all possible

forces of public opinion toward the common goal of improved cultural and moral standards.

What has happened in that year? On Sept. 16, 1958, Bishop Martin J. O'Connor, president of the Pontifical Commission for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, wrote in the *Osservatore Romano* a lengthy account of the reception given to the encyclical. "Millions of copies have been distributed in more than 20 languages"; new national centers of information and collaboration "have been created in many countries"; "many Catholic universities and other institutions of education have this year begun special courses" in media techniques.

But the special cachet of *Miranda Prorsus* that aroused "universal approval and applause," thinks Bishop O'Connor, was the positive aspect of the papal thought, which showed itself so ready to welcome all that is "true culture, art, progress and technique."

The wisdom of the late Pope should

be familiar to all, and not only to professionals in the fields. *Miranda Prorsus* is available in pamphlet form (The America Press, 25¢). You can help form public opinion if you will use the Pope's directive as a guide.

Mr. Diefenbaker's Tour

Officially, Canada's Prime Minister John G. Diefenbaker, has no special business of state to discuss at the 13 seats of government he will visit before Dec. 19. But let us see where he is going.

In London he dines with the Queen, who is to preside over the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway next summer. In London there will doubtless be some conversation about the future of ports like Montreal and Toronto—and about Canada's new laws against the dumping of cheap foreign goods in the country, including, perhaps, British woollens.

Mr. Diefenbaker's arrival in Paris should remind Gen. de Gaulle of a Nato

Russians at the World's Fair

IN PERHAPS the greatest approved exodus from the Soviet Union since the October Revolution, about 8,000 Russian citizen-tourists took off for the Brussels World's Fair. Most of these visitors arrived between the months of April and October on the S.S. *Georgia* at Antwerp, whence they were led on a three-day tour of the exposition. They had eight dollars each in Belgian francs, dined at the Russian pavilion and returned to their boathouse each night.

Certainly one of the most interesting aspects of this summer of Russian tourism was the reaction of the three thousand Soviets who visited the information bureau of the Center of Oriental Rites in the Vatican pavilion. Nearly all these Russian visitors who filed up to the tiny bureau of oriental rites belonged to the more educated and privileged strata of Russian society. There were plant directors and executives, writers and teachers, specialists in agriculture and professional men. Many were engineers. Though they were good cross sections of Russian racial types, the groups consisted almost exclusively of men over thirty. Bands of about six to ten, trailing a group leader, would stop at the oriental bureau, examine the icons and free literature, and converse with the Russian rite priests and laymen who represented the Foyer Oriental Chrétien of Brussels.

EUGENE C. BIANCHI, S.J., a Californian, is presently a student at the University of Louvain, which is an hour by bus from the site of the Brussels Exposition. The Fair closed October 19.

The majority of these tourists showed sympathetic interest in the displays of the Vatican pavilion, and they expressed a desire to know more about the work of the Church. What impressed the Russians most in the pavilion was the favorable attitude of the Church towards modern science. Their teachers and textbooks had convinced them that the sword of science had long since cut down the myth of religion among thinking men. Thus their astonishment at seeing Nobel Prize winners such as Sir Alexander Fleming, Leopold Ruzicka and Charles H. Best pictured among the members of the Pontifical Academy of Science. That scientists could also be believers was a revelation to many.

Amid the free literature made available and quickly snatched up were numerous publications that stressed the relation between religion and science. Others treated such topics as "The Pope on Disarmament," "The Wonders of the Holy Mother of God" and "Who was Jesus Christ?" But the "best-seller" by far was the Gospel. So many Russian translations were requested by the group members that when the book-sources in Rome, Paris and New York (the Fordham Russian Center) ran dry, the good Fathers had to resort to distributing Protestant Bibles. Occasionally a Russian, too self-conscious to ask for a copy of the Gospel when he came with the group, would return for the book on his one free afternoon at the fair.

In unfortunate contrast, the U. S. pavilion largely missed its chance in the way of having literature for

not only to power he overlooked in proposing a three-power directorate of Nato by the U. S., Britain and France. At Bonn, the next stop, Mr. Diefenbaker's presence will underline West Germany's reservations about the three-power directorate.

Tour

Prime Minister has no specific plans to discuss at the 11th annual summit will visit before he where he is

with the Queen, the opening of the next summer, butless be some nature of port into—and about the dump- ists in the com- ritish woolen- rival in Paris aulle of a Nati-

Mr. Diefenbaker has emerged as unquestioned master of his Cabinet and party; he has shown initiative in Commonwealth affairs. We trust his successes on this global tour will match his home-front accomplishments.

Boris Pasternak Persecuted

Whether Russian author Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* is a truly great novel, that is, one in the same bracket with *War and Peace*, will probably be debated for many a moon. Some critics have judged the praise accorded it as largely due to the circumstances of its publication.

What is beyond cavil is the courage and integrity of the author who dared, while living under Red repression, to strip bare the evil visage of communism. Equally beyond doubt is the reason behind the fury unleashed against Pasternak since the announcement on Oct. 23 that he had won the Nobel Prize in literature. Soviet anger is a sure sign that "the truth hurts." Pasternak has been reviled and calumniated in the Soviet press; he has been called a "Judas" and worse; on Oct. 28 he was formally expelled from the Soviet Writers Union. More, the Kremlin, speaking through the ventriloquism of the Red literary

journals, has assailed the Nobel Committee and the Swedish Government for deliberately using the award as a means to fan the Cold War into flame.

Moscow's rage springs from its realization that Pasternak got the Nobel Prize because he wrote as a free man; he refused to knuckle under to any literary party line. On Oct. 29 he cabled his "Voluntary refusal" to the Swedish Academy. We naturally conclude that this rejection was forced on him by Soviet officials under threat of reprisals. They know that ideas and ideals are of utmost importance in the struggle for men's minds.

The Soviets at Aswan

Soviet prestige has zoomed to a new high in the Middle East. On Oct. 23 Premier Khrushchev announced that Russia would advance a loan of 400 million rubles (\$100 million at the official exchange rate) to help Gamal Abdel Nasser begin his mammoth

d sympathetic pavilion, and about the work ssians most in of the Church ers and test- ord of science eligion among ent at seeing nder Fleming. Best picture Academy of believers was le and quick- ications that and science. ope on Dis- y Mother of ut the "best- Russian trans- members that and New York y, the good- g Protestant -conscious to ame with the his one free-

the Russians and of making personal contacts with them. The only two Russian-speaking hostesses in the American pavilion were usually, when these visitors were on the scene, too busy with other chores. No Russian translations of pavilion publications were made available until the last month of the exposition, when a translation of *This is America* appeared. Of course, the Russian pavilion provided literally tons of brochures for their English-speaking guests. When one considers for a moment the millions of dollars that Congress has appropriated for Voice of America broadcasts directed to a distant and uncertain audience, one can't help but regret the lost opportunity of direct contact with so many influential Soviets.

As they passed in and out of the Vatican pavilion, an important fact seemed to strike the Russian tourists. Here was the supposedly defunct parasite of Czarist regimes graphically picturing its modern apostolates: medical missionary nuns among the African underprivileged, the late Pius XII distributing food to the destitute of war-torn Rome, Catholic family organizations preparing couples for marriage. Here face to face with the twin colossi of the modern world, represented by the U. S. and Soviet pavilions, was another international force—the Holy See, a dynamo of spiritual, intellectual and social inspiration.

Of course, a certain number of cynics and scoffers appeared among the Soviet visitors to the Vatican pavilion. "I've never read the Gospels and wouldn't waste my time on them," remarked one specialist

when approached with a Bible. But the atheism of another left room for pause when he blurted, "I'm a nonbeliever, but I think your modern-art portrayals of Christ are blasphemous." It was surprising, however, that so few Soviets manifested animosity. And even more astonishing was it that in the short space of a three-day visit to the immense fair grounds, so many Russian travelers should pick out the Vatican pavilion for special attention.

An interesting contrast with the Soviet tourists' intelligent curiosity about things religious was reflected by an official of the Russian pavilion. In answer to a question posed by this writer as to whether the Russian people could be satisfied with material and cultural prosperity alone, the cordial official replied affirmatively, and added, "We hold that there is no afterlife. When I die, I will go to dust; I only hope I can leave a better world for my children."

To decide whether the religious interest of the Soviets at the exposition stemmed merely from curiosity or from a deep-seated hunger for God is a problem that cannot be resolved by surface reporting of facts. But the famous Russian novelist Feodor Dostoevski seems to have hinted at the answer. In 1873 he wrote in *The Diary*: "Perhaps the only love of the Russian people is Christ." How much 40 long years of militant atheism have succeeded in suppressing this love it is difficult to say. But the Russian at the Brussels International Exposition, 1958, has made us wonder again about the yearnings that cannot be stilled.

EUGENE C. BLANCHI

Aswan Dam. This is the project we thought would die on the drafting boards when Secretary of State Dulles reneged on an American offer to help two years ago. Small wonder the Soviet move has had an electrifying propaganda effect throughout the Middle East. As *An Nahar*, the independent Beirut daily, put it, "400 million Western mistakes are going to build a new Pyramid."

The Aswan Dam has become a symbol of economic betterment for poverty-stricken Egyptians. On its completion 18 years hence at an estimated cost of \$1.3 billion, it is expected to increase soil-starved Egypt's irrigated land by one-third and her electric power eight times. Because of Aswan's importance in Egyptian economic planning, the Soviet offer must be put down as a major coup in the Kremlin's drive toward economic penetration of the Middle East.

Of course, the Soviet loan is no guarantee that the dam will ever materialize. It will prove a costly and difficult undertaking. Nevertheless we find State Department comment a little disturbing. Officials have been quoted as taking the Russian move "philosophically." Others have observed that "the Russians are welcome to" the dam. Is this the time for complacent reaction to the Soviet economic offensive in underdeveloped areas?

Montgomery and Nato's Scope

A recent lecture by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery to the Royal United Services Institution in London on Oct. 24 was political, petulant and packed with trouble. But all of that should not obscure some very good points he made.

The former Deputy Supreme Commander of Nato forces fired volleys in six directions. He charged the postwar Labor Government with having refused to give world leadership. He said U. S. sabotaging of the Suez operation and U. S. failure to join the Baghdad Pact earlier were responsible for the Middle East situation today; the United States and its European allies have failed to work out a common policy on a global basis; we have lost the initiative outside the Nato area, in Asia and Africa, where the real battle is—not a shooting one either, but a political, economic and

financial war. The democracies, he added, should take the initiative in these fields because, just as in war on the battlefield, victory is impossible without the initiative. Nato's organization, with its council in Paris and its military standing group 3,000 miles away in Washington, must be changed, he said. The Supreme Commander in Europe should be a Frenchman.

Perhaps it isn't proper for a former field marshal to say all of those things, nor would we accept them all. But it is a good thing that someone who can get world attention should stress the two big things that emerge from Lord Montgomery's speech: the need for meeting international communism's challenge on a global instead of on a regional basis, and the proposal that Nato nations should realize the importance to them of events in Asia and Africa.

Catholic Growth in Africa

When the history of 20th-century missionary achievement is written, Africa, south of the Sahara, will have a chapter all its own. Fides, news agency of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, reports "spectacular" progress throughout the Dark Continent, particularly in Central Africa. In French Equatorial Africa, the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi, 1.5 million persons were received into the Church in the past year, bringing the total number of Catholics in these countries to 7.2 million.

Yet, despite this encouraging growth,

Coming . . .

IN AMERICA next week DR. JEROME TAYLOR, recipient of a Teacher Study Grant from the Danforth Foundation, will evaluate "The Danforth Fellowships." "One must begin by noting that [the Foundation] regards its grants not as mere financial appointments, but as memberships, so to speak, in . . . a growing fellowship of common Christian concern and practical cooperative effort aimed at creating 'an increasing awareness of the importance of spiritual and religious values in the academic experience.'"

Fides ends its report on a note of warning. It is in Africa, the news service says, that "Christianity must multiply its efforts while there is still time." Africa has only half enough priests. Moreover, the Church there faces a twin threat stemming from Islam and communism, both of which "are striving to win Africa below the Sahara."

. . . and the Far East

Despite obstacles posed by communism and ultranationalism, Church growth has reached an all-time high in the Far East. Approximately 2.1 million baptisms during the past year, reports NC News, have brought the number of Catholics to 32.7 million out of a total population of 1.3 billion. In almost every country of Asia last year's convert totals surpassed the record numbers of the previous year.

► In South Korea the baptism of 40,000 converts means that for the second successive year each priest averaged over 100 converts. The total Catholic population is now 300,000.

► In Japan 12,306 baptisms raised the Catholic population to 254,114. It was only 120,000 a decade ago. Though but a tiny minority of Japan's 90 millions, Catholics there exert an influence far out of proportion to their numbers.

► Formosa continues to record an extraordinary Catholic growth. An estimated 34,000 baptisms over the past twelve months equal last year's increase. In roughly five years the number of Catholics in Formosa has grown from 20,000 to 148,000.

► Hong Kong is still the scene of the largest city-wide convert movement in the Church today. Last year's increase of 24,236 has raised the total Catholic population to 129,652.

► The Philippines have 55 per cent of the Catholic population of the Orient. Of the nation's 22 million, Catholics number 18.5 million, a figure which represents an increase of 1.1 million over 1956.

► The latest statistics for Burma, Thailand, Indo-China and Malaya list over 2 million Catholics out of a total population of 77.6 million.

Only in India, Ceylon and Pakistan—where ultranationalism is perhaps stronger than anywhere else in Asia—is Catholic growth proceeding at a relatively slower pace.

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Washington Front

Wilfrid Parsons, S.J.

PRIEST, EDITOR, SCHOLAR, TEACHER

ALL DURING the summer months, the "Washington Front" crackled and sparked. In September, one of AMERICA's editors, marveling at the high standard Fr. Parsons maintained week after week, wrote to tell him that the column was better than ever, and how did he manage it? Here at our editorial headquarters we knew the physical handicaps that had to be surmounted before his copy, laboriously typed, was finally dispatched, special delivery, on Monday night to meet a Tuesday afternoon deadline. The regularity with which it arrived at the Editor's office almost made us forget that this gallant performance could not go on forever. So even to us it came as a shock when we learned on the afternoon of October 27 that our dear colleague had received the last sacraments and was dying. The next morning, just before dawn broke over the lovely towers of Georgetown University, God took him to himself.

Perhaps the simplest way to convey our feeling of loss is to note that Fr. Parsons' prolific career as a journalist spanned the fifty-year history of AMERICA. As a young Jesuit pursuing philosophical studies at Louvain, he contributed to our first volume in 1909. His last contribution appeared in the issue of October 25, 1958, in volume 100, our Golden Jubilee volume. For eleven trying years beginning in 1925, he filled the chair of Editor-in-Chief. During that time he had to contend with a cruel persecution of the Church in Mexico, and the rise of fascism and nazism abroad. At home key events were the great depression and the start of the New Deal. No one who read AMERICA through that turbulent era was starved for intellectual stimulation. Fr. Parsons was never one to evade an issue, and his clear, lively style reflected a mind as fertile as it was challenging.

It was these intellectual gifts that made him an inspiring teacher as well as a great journalist. Four years after leaving the Editor's chair in 1936, he was appointed to the faculty of the Catholic University of America as professor of political science. Something of the influence he exerted there can be gathered from the tribute one of his most distinguished pupils paid to him only last spring. In a letter to the Editor of *Social Order*, reprinted in full in AMERICA (3/15/58, p. 685), Msgr. George G. Higgins, director of the Social Action Department, NCWC, wrote that "without any qualification, Fr. Parsons was by all odds the best teacher I ever had." Many who learned from Fr. Parsons in less formal ways, from the lecture platform, over the dinner table, in the pages of AMERICA, will heartily agree. Through three decades and more of war and revolution, of sweeping social and technological change, he was guide and counselor to thousands.

Of the 71 years of his life, 55 were spent in the Society of Jesus, 40 in the priesthood. He knew mental anguish, and with bodily affliction he was for many years on familiar terms. Yet to the end life was to him an interesting and joyous adventure. In the army of Christ, into whose hands we commend his zealous soul, Wilfrid Parsons was a good and industrious soldier. THE EDITORS

Editorials

Who is the Pope?

THE ELECTION of a new Pope is necessarily a cause of joy to the Catholic faithful throughout the world because it forges one more link in an unbroken chain. That line runs back to the first of them all, Peter the Apostle. It will stretch on into the future until the consummation of the world. The cause for joy is particularly great when the election is carried on with relative dispatch. To a world recalling the quick decision that brought Cardinal Pacelli to the Throne of Peter in 1939, the three days of voting in the conclave that ended October 28 may have seemed unduly long. But it is more just to interpret this longer time as an indication of the complete liberty under which the conclavists found themselves. Spared the indirect threats of totalitarian dictators, the Cardinals were able to find the leisure for mature consideration of the contemporary needs of the Church. There was no need this time to react to civil interference, and a would-be veto, by a dramatic display of unanimity.

Another factor enhances the joy of the occasion, too: the patently sincere messages of well-wishers from outside the Catholic Church. Only in modern times has such a universal and spontaneous tribute been possible. The peoples of the entire world came to admire and esteem Pius XII's services to mankind. Today they are more than willing to look to Pope John XXIII for similar inspiration. The new Pope's weight of years (76) obviously does not strike them as any reason to doubt that the new pontificate will be a fruitful and even a long one. Since the war, Europe has become accustomed to see men of such an age exercise leadership of truly epic proportions.

AMERICA, like all organs of the Catholic press, greets with filial and submissive devotion our new Holy Father. In the pontificate now gloriously closed the world of religious journalism gained a clear vision of its duty in carrying to the farthest recesses of public opinion the voice of the Supreme Shepherd. There is every reason to anticipate that under Pope John XXIII, too, the Catholic press will continue to experience increasing calls upon its devotion to the Holy See. To strive to fulfil this mission will be the sacred duty and privilege of this Review and, need it be said, of all those publications that constitute the Catholic press.

That Catholic press, along with the secular press, has spent itself in digging out the smallest details about the career, the personality and the views of the man formerly known as Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli. In so doing the newspapers and magazines have satisfied a natural curiosity about the successor to Pope Pius XII. It may be more pertinent in the long run, however, to recall that, by changing his name, the new Pope has

reminded us that it is not the man who counts but the high office he fills. Cardinal Roncalli is no more; in his place is John XXIII, Bishop of Rome, Successor of St. Peter, Supreme Pontiff, Vicar of Christ on Earth. Few are more aware of this than were the participants in the conclave. From the moment of acceptance, the man to whom they had given their votes was no longer one of their number but someone higher. From that moment the natural feelings of those intimately acquainted with the person of the new Pope were sublimated by an act of filial obedience to one who was no longer their brother but their Father, the Common Father of us all.

This is the man who is heir to Christ's promise to Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This is the bearer of the Keys to the Kingdom of Heaven. This is the poor mortal, taken from among us, of whom Christ said his faith would not fail. With his acceptance on a historic October 28, 1958, the mantle of infallibility fell upon him who is now known as Pope John XXIII.

Those who are not of the household of the faith are naturally not prepared to accept the claims of Catholic theology concerning the Roman Pontiff. But the world in general does in overwhelming degree acknowledge the salutary moral leadership that the Papacy has exercised and is exercising in the concerns of mankind. In a time of universal confusion, when the old familiar but human landmarks have disappeared, the Papacy has become truly a beacon light for millions of men and women who know little about the Catholic religion but who can recognize the voice of goodness and nobility, as well as of authority, when they hear it. If the Holy Father has the threefold mission to teach, to rule and to sanctify his flock, in a certain sense he is also a teacher, guide and sanctifier of the whole world of men of good will, regardless of their religious belief. This eminent position of world moral leader is consequently not limited to any race or region of the world, as it is not limited to Catholics. Even war, dividing nations and continents, cannot divide the Pope from his children wherever they are. The Pope is the Father of all. Mankind has come to know it and to be happy thereat.

For the past several centuries the Catholic Church has been fortunate in having Pontiffs of eminence and even greatness. Their personal merits have no doubt enhanced the prestige of the Holy See, whose doom was so often and so rashly predicted by the enemies of the Church who were also the enemies of God. But above all, it was not the person, but the office which has made the Apostolic See what it is, a solid pillar of faith and charity and unity in the affairs of men. Popes die. The Pope does not die.

The Specter of the "People's Communes"

MARX'S *Manifesto* of 1848 opened with the words: "A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of communism." In 1958 a specter also haunts the frightened millions of Red China. It is the demoniac phase of communism conjured up by Mao in the shape of the "people's communes." Here is a nightmare phantom of collectivism which for open horror, gross inhumanity and satanic ambition dwarfs any devil materialized within the Communist bloc during 41 years.

The communes were apparently inaugurated unobtrusively in April, judged feasible in July, given the green light about August, and by the end of September were saddled upon 90 per cent of mainland China's peasants—at least on paper. At that time Peiping announced that some 112 million families had been organized into 23,397 communes of about 5,000 families each.

According to Chinese Communist Party sources, the communes are a sweeping advance from the collective farms, which have been the basis of the rural economy since 1955, towards the full collective ownership of society envisaged by Marx and Lenin.

What is the commune? Let us translate its meaning into homely terms. Imagine that tomorrow every agricultural community and township in the United States were to be merged into county-sized units, completely under Communist party regulation, and that every controllable aspect of daily life were to be specifically har-

nessed to the productive process. Organized along the lines of a militia to facilitate discipline, the people would find that all economic, military, political and even cultural activities were under the direct regulation of local party functionaries. As the reins tightened and the pace of collectivization quickened, the family would vanish, the individual himself become stereotyped, and the commune would form the basic unit of society in America. The party would erect communal mess halls, barracks and nurseries. Men and women alike would form vast brigades of shock workers, shunted here and there, their lives geared to the crash program of a state whose determination to take "a giant leap forward" would involve the robotization of a whole culture.

This is the ideal of the Chinese commune, an ideal that is being pushed with vigor, and which is to usher in a millennium of pure communism during the next few years. One-quarter of humanity is to be made into a titanic labor pool, a huge chain gang cheering its own enslavement. Traditional Chinese society is to be first atomized, then reconstituted into massive production units of the People's Republic.

Russia's collectivization, associated with the 1930 era, brought on the Soviet Union an Age of Iron which cost the USSR at least ten million lives. It remains to be seen what depths of human agony will be plumbed as Mao tries "to fetch the Age of Gold" in jig time.

Test of Economic Statesmanship

FOES of economic protectionism have lately scored this policy on two counts. At meetings held prior to October 20, first day of the annual assembly at Geneva of 37 nations participating in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the two following points were made bluntly and with vigor. Underdeveloped countries, critics argued, must be enabled to sell their products abroad. Otherwise they will be in no position to purchase the heavy goods that industrial nations offer. Professional economists and businessmen, we are told, will yield only to this tough-minded approach. Enlightened self interest, clad in dollar signs, may touch even some congressional hearts.

A further plea for free trade, however, turns on the negative impact of import quotas and discriminatory tariffs on the national psychology of those against whom we "protect" ourselves. In a sense, such measures can be described only as a form of economic warfare. Their adoption inevitably elicits a bellicose response. Sir David Eccles, President of the British Board of Trade, ably presented at Geneva the view of many of the primary producing or agricultural nations as they watch the trend toward increased trade restrictionism.

Our standard of life is far below that of North America and Western Europe. We accept this gap for the time being, on condition that it does not grow wider. But it appears to us beyond dispute

that it is growing wider. Therefore we ask America and Europe not to keep our goods out of their markets by acts of deliberate policy. For the consequences of such restrictions upon our ability to finance a minimum rate of development may well be disastrous for us—and for them.

Protective policies, of course, are defended as political necessities created by popular pressure at home. But this so-called fact of political life means little in underdeveloped lands. Acts such as our recent quotas on lead and zinc or German limitations on imports of food produce confirm existent fears. To the regret of many good friends, the United States and West Germany now stand as leading offenders against the logic of the free-trade case. Why spend millions in economic aid to underdeveloped nations, if our trade policy will then strangle the very ambitions we have fostered?

Provisionally the Gatt assembly offers a forum for frank airing of these issues. Moreover, as C. Douglas Dillon, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, informed the advance session of Gatt participants last month, an excellent opportunity presently exists for realistic adjustment of trade policies. Prolongation of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act until 1962 should furnish the requisite flexibility on our part. But if there is to be American leadership, we must come up with the fullest degree of political vision and courage.

Edward Cardinal Mooney

WITH THE DEATH of Cardinal Mooney, whose tired heart ceased beating minutes before he was to have entered the conclave on October 25 to choose a new Pope, the Church in this country lost one of its greatest sons. An educator, diplomat, administrator and civic leader, he was also one of the most zealous and knowledgeable social apostles ever to wear the episcopal purple.

Following his ordination in Rome in 1909, Father Mooney seemed destined for a career in education. His first appointment was to the chair of dogmatic theology in Cleveland's St. Mary's Seminary. Seven years later he became headmaster of the Cathedral Latin School in Cleveland, which he planned and constructed. From these educational pursuits he was momentarily detoured in 1922 when he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Youngstown. Before a year was out, however, he was back in education as spiritual director of the North American College in Rome, his Alma Mater.

It was this appointment, paradoxically, that led to a permanent change in his career. In January, 1926, now 43 years old, he was named by Pope Pius XI Archbishop of Irenopolis and Apostolic Delegate to India. During the five years he spent there, missionary activity was considerably expanded and three dioceses were transferred to native bishops. Shifted to Japan as Apostolic Delegate in 1931, Archbishop Mooney added to his reputation in Vatican circles by solving the question of the Shinto shrines to the satisfaction of both the Holy See and Japanese civil authorities. It was decided that compulsory attendance at certain Shinto shrines, since this was a patriotic rather than a religious ceremony, could be permitted to Catholics.

After this achievement in the papal service, Pope Pius XI gave Archbishop Mooney back to the United States. In 1933 he appointed him Bishop of Rochester, N. Y. And so it came about that at the age of 51 still another career opened to the Archbishop—the career of episcopal administrator, civic leader and social apostle. It was to be a career, as President Eisenhower said when the sad news of the Cardinal's death reached Washington, that richly influenced not only his own Church but also “all who believed in the spiritual worth of the individual and in the brotherhood of man.”

The new Ordinary of Rochester lost little time in making his influence felt. Scarcely a year after his installation, he was elected a member of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference; twelve months later he was

chosen chairman. Except for one year, he held this position through 1945. It was during this period that the American bishops issued some of their most memorable statements, that the new NCWC headquarters building was built in Washington, that the NC News Service was launched. Meanwhile the Holy See, on the death of Bishop Michael J. Gallagher in 1937, had raised Detroit to the rank of an archdiocese and named Archbishop Mooney to head it. It was to be the most challenging of his appointments.

As someone said recently, “When the rest of the nation gets an economic cold, Michigan gets double pneumonia.” When Archbishop Mooney took possession of his see, Michigan had been prostrate with depression pneumonia for seven bitter years, and no part of the State had been stricken more severely than Detroit. His first address, significantly, was devoted to the social teachings of the Church, which he began at once to put into practice. He set up the Archdiocesan Labor Institute, with a network of parish schools for workers. He rebuked those who said that Catholics could not in conscience join the fledgling Congress of Industrial Organizations. Workers should, he said, join labor unions and through them promote social justice. He encouraged the founding of a Detroit chapter of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, whose monthly *Wage Earner* quickly became one of the best-edited labor papers in the country. That the United Auto Workers eventually developed into a staunch anti-Communist force in the CIO was at least partially due to these initiatives of Archbishop Mooney.

In 1946, when Pope Pius XII raised four U. S. prelates to the cardinalate, no one was surprised that Archbishop Mooney was among them. By that time the Archdiocese of Detroit had grown enormously. How His Eminence coped with this expansion, founding and financing new churches, schools and charitable institutions, is a story too long to tell here. The bare figures must suffice. When Cardinal Mooney went to Detroit in 1937, 808 priests were ministering to a flock of 603,000 Catholics. Today the archdiocese has more than a thousand priests and the Catholic population is estimated at nearly a million and a quarter. The number of schools and colleges has grown from 217 to 362, and the young people under Catholic instruction from 108,892 to 255,694.

In such wise did Cardinal Mooney serve his Church and his country. He went to God rich in those goods which have value beyond the grave. May his great soul rest in peace.

The Two Faces of "Pravda"

C. J. McNaspy

NOW THAT smiling visitors from Russia come and go with some measure of freedom, many of us are assailed by a doubt: Is the Soviet mind as shut in as our publicists tell us? Some weeks ago in London it was my good fortune to see the Moscow Arts Theatre perform *Cherry Orchard*. Our pilgrimage group stayed at the same hotel as the Russian actors—the De Vere in South Kensington. Here seemed a heaven-sent chance for rapport. If we could share a dining room and even a bath, perhaps we could exchange an idea or two, at least on Russian drama.

I went up to a group of the actors, said hello (in Russian), and complimented them on a superb performance. Their faces brightened. One asked: "Are you Russian?" "No," I admitted, "American." Faces dimmed. I went on: "Have you been in London long?" "Not long." "Are you going to be here some time?" "We don't know." The conversation was clearly over. I used this same gambit with several other groups but could get no farther. These consummate actors, so self-assured and poised on the stage, were now timid and frightened. True, they were in the West, but they were not among those trusted to communicate freely with Americans.

For several years I had been a daily reader of *Pravda*, trying somehow to reach the Soviet mind. Our own newspapers quote *Pravda* every day; I wanted to see for myself whether these quotations gave a true picture of the journal that molds the thinking of Russia's intelligentsia. To my surprise, *Pravda* proved to be no ribald tabloid. Its format is as sober as the *London Times*. Its very dignity inspires confidence. We know, and Marshall McLuhan has shown, that the art form of a news page is itself often of greater effect than its content. *Pravda* (which means, and is intended to look like "truth") is seldom in any way sensational. It austere-ly avoids garish headlines. Poetry is preferred to cartoons, and even photographs are sparsely used, to edify, not to entertain. We see "Heroes of Soviet Labor," workers solemnly discussing yesterday's *Pravda*, Khrushchev courteously welcoming foreign dignitaries or comrades, cheerful worker families, young people singing, engaged in wholesome sport or visiting socialist museums, the achievements of Soviet science and tech-

nology and, in contrast, the deplorable condition of workers in the capitalist West.

This "incontrovertible" evidence overwhelms one with visual proof of success and of the well-being of all who enjoy the blessed regime. Statistics and graphs show the undeviating advance of Russia under the Communist aegis. Never is there a hint that this progress may be matched or surpassed in bourgeois countries. The happy point of view is orthodox and uniform, and after years of no other reading, who could be a doubter?

EXALTING SOVIET ACHIEVEMENTS

Turning from form to content we observe that the level of propaganda in *Pravda* is not so palpably fatuous as we may be led to suppose. Granted that hundreds of papers and periodicals are printed in the USSR, all follow the official line, dictated from above and channeled through *Pravda* (and Tass, which comes to the same thing). Any dissent voiced in private conversation, and noted even by visitors to Russia, never makes its way into print. All published letters to the editor are proper and correct. There are never two sides to any question. Khrushchev put it well in a recent interview: What is the use of printing lies?

Pravda is called a newspaper. It boasts more readers than any other in the world. But it is no ordinary paper. Its masthead shows that it is the "Organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." All major Government and party decrees or ukases appear on page one, sometimes running into five pages of unbroken columns. The normal issue starts with a two-column editorial, unsigned and supra-personal (the editor's name never appears in *Pravda*). Invariably rich in optimism and uplift, this editorial says from day to day: "Everything is coming along wonderfully. Let's all rally round the Central Committee and make things even better!" The following are titles taken at random from a week of editorials: "Glorious Results, Brilliant Perspectives"; "Mighty Solidarity of Peoples of Asia and Africa"; "Increase Successes of Socialist Competition!"; "Our Soviet, Socialistic Democracy"; "Lift Still Higher the Role of Unionists in Struggle for Communism."

A touch of festivity occasionally relieves *Pravda's* decorum. Sputnik I evoked a rhapsodic issue dedicated to this "Triumph of Soviet Science and Technique." Double headlines heralded the "First Artificial Earth

FR. McNASPY, S.J., who has taught Russian at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., is now dean of the College of Music at Loyola University, New Orleans.

Satellite in the World Constructed in Soviet Land!" The feature article came from New York, Tass quoting the Associated Press, with eulogies to the Soviet Union for "doing it first." A photograph on page one showed amateur radio operators listening to the beep. Centered on the page was a poem by Comrade Serge Vasilyev, four conventional stanzas in *abab* rhyme, addressed to "The Explorer of the Heavenly Depths." The ode concluded with a triple doxology echoing the old Slavonic liturgy: "Glory to the Explorer of the Heavens! Glory to the talent of my country! Glory to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union!" In the original, "Communist Party" rhymed with "heavens."

For days the "glory" theme continues. Headlines from Western newspapers are reprinted in montage. *France-soir*, London *Daily Express*, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Mail*, and *Daily Herald* fervently join the chorus. For weeks on end daily columns are allotted Sputnik, its international repercussions and hourly itinerary. Sputnik II was hailed with equal acclaim, and both satellites were blazoned across the New Year's issue. In contrast, our American fiascos were given abundant attention. American and foreign newspapers were selectively quoted to point up the dismal low of American prestige. A "Floppnik" headline was reprinted and fully explained in Russian. Sputnik III has been written about every day and its course charted in every issue.

When Western achievements cannot be bypassed they are effectively belittled and their impact on Soviet opinion cushioned. The *Nautilus* trip beneath the North Pole was barely noted. Several days before our first Explorer was launched, *Pravda* started preparing its readers. It was stated that after a number of disappointing failures the Americans were ready to use the Jupiter rocket to launch a diminutive satellite. The February 2 issue quietly announced the launching, stressing von Braun's admission of the great Soviet advantage. Moreover, attention was immediately diverted from even this slight success by a dramatic photograph, reprinted from *Time* magazine, showing the clash between the Ku Klux Klan and Indians in North Carolina. Then followed an eleven-column article by George Morris, "American Publicist," on the wretched plight of American workers. After all this the reader hardly remembers that there was any American satellite at all.

Pravda's gala coverage of the Sputniks was untypical. In a land where news is not allowed to happen, the normal newspaper has to be unsensational. The average issue makes ascetical reading fare. Almost everything is directly didactic, current applications of Marxist-Leninist dogma as interpreted by the Central Committee. However, the last two columns are given to sports and cultural events. Communist athletes, from whatever country, get credit for winning international meets or breaking world records. The last two international chess champion-



ship matches were completely covered. In the lower right hand corner of the last page always appears the list of legitimate stage productions available in Moscow. On an ordinary weekday, chosen at random, one has a choice of two operas, *Boris Godunov* and *La Traviata*, two major concerts, and sixteen stage plays. Tomorrow's choice will be different, and Sunday will offer even more dramas and four different operas. Shakespeare, Schiller, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Sophocles and other classics are repeatedly offered. This array is calculated to impress Soviet intellectuals with the cultural advantage of living in the USSR.

Pravda misses no chance to stress the decadence of the bourgeois world. American be-bop, rock 'n' roll, boogie-woogie (these are the Russian words) are flayed as zealously as juvenile delinquency, unemployment and housing shortages. Telling statistics are always supplied from American sources. Together with modern literature, abstract art and dissonant music, all are presented as symbols of decay, and *Pravda* shows that the Russians are happily saved from them.

ALL ABOUT THE EFFETE WEST

Several articles could be written on *Pravda's* astute exploitation of our more shocking American scandals. When a Negro soprano in a Texas university is pressured out of her operatic role because of race, millions of Russian, Asiatic and African readers hear of it that very week. A pregnant Negro woman in Biloxi, Mississippi, is seen standing in a city bus, with seats unoccupied in the "white" section, and *Pravda* is quick to show compassion. A gathering of prominent Negroes makes a formal demonstration at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, and the next day *Pravda* features the demonstration, carefully censoring it so that one may never suspect that the group made a strong patriotic statement of loyal Americanism. Little Rock, of course, has not been neglected—but a reader of *Pravda* would never learn that the national Government and a great majority of Americans were doing anything about it.

An ever recurring motif of *Pravda* journalism is American warmongering and imperialism. No issue appears without some "news" on this. A popular technique is to reprint cartoons from foreign papers. Pictures (usually from Communist sources) show picket lines in protest against American military or atomic bases. While our American "people" are granted to be peace loving in the main, Wall Street and other high circles constantly promote war. When Russia walks out of the UN, *Pravda* shows her as the innocent victim of Western conspiracy. Always benevolent, the USSR pleads for summit talks; the U. S. demurs, plainly preferring war to peace. Voroshilov and Khrushchev send telegram after telegram to world leaders advocating the cause of peace. Only America seems unwilling to cooperate.

Orwell may have had *Pravda* in mind when he showed how history could be rewritten in 1984. It is already being rewritten today. In the immense build-up given the 40th anniversary of the Revolution last year, issue after issue presented detailed, expurgated accounts of what happened in 1917. The whole Menshevik

revolution was minimized almost to the vanishing point. Trotsky was given no credit whatever in the history of Bolshevism. Stalin, whose name just a few years ago appeared hundreds of times in a single *Pravda* issue, has been officially forgotten for the past year or two, save for Khrushchev's denunciations. Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and Zhukov have been barred from the pages of official history. It is done gently in *Pravda*: with little fanfare their replacements are named, and a more arresting article on the same page helps efface the undesirables from memory.

RELIGION FIRMLY IGNORED

By a curious shift of policy, religion now seems no longer the dangerous opiate of the people. In *Pravda* it is never attacked, presumably as too anachronistic to be bothered with. Yet a rare friendly gesture is tolerated when it serves the cause. On page one of the last New Year's issue Udayakandavala Saranankara, Buddhist priest from Ceylon, is pictured as one of the winners of the International Lenin Award for the Strengthening of Peace among Nations. This is part of the all-out friendship toward Asia and Asia's culture. Christian ecclesiastics in various satellite countries are occasionally quoted in favor of Soviet policy. This shows that even good men of divergent viewpoints are at one when it comes to Soviet-sponsored peace.

During last year's 40th anniversary, perhaps to impress the throngs of visitors with Russia's tolerance, *Pravda* printed on page one, November 6, a telegram from President Voroshilov to "His Holiness, Alexey, Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia." His Holiness is warmly felicitated on his birthday and for his fine dedication to patriotic duty. The Patriarch's inevitable reply was published in turn. His Holiness expressed eagerness to continue, "with God's help," to serve his country dutifully. Even this oblique reference to the name of God seemed odd in *Pravda*.

Another rather startling gesture of religious broad-mindedness appeared last January 15 in a favorable review of the Joan of Arc ballet then playing in Moscow. The critic compared several previous treatments of the theme, ranging from "the religious dramas of Péguy and Claudel, the heroic-idealistic treatment of Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans*, to the ironic, smiling *Saint Joan* of Bernard Shaw." In apology, the reviewer found something in Engels to show that we ought not be surprised at Joan's attitudes, since during the Middle Ages "all human striving, both the highest and lowest, necessarily took a religious form." Thus "the exalting of the statue of the Mother of God in the first act and the worship of God on the occasion of the victory at Orleans" are justified on artistic grounds as truthfully showing Joan's personal beliefs. Perhaps more surprisingly, the ballet is praised for not descending to the level of a black and white schematization embodying a peasant war in the person of Joan of Arc.

Pravda is in its own way religious, with the ersatz religion that Berdyaeff and Dawson long ago saw in communism. The cult of Stalin may now be heretical; that of Lenin remains in Byzantine splendor. Colossal im-

ages apotheosizing Lenin dominated the anniversary meetings and the articles covering them. There is a sort of iconography, both in and out of *Pravda*, dedicated to the revolutionary: Lenin the Pantocrator in severe, sacral majesty; Lenin the democratic playmate of children; Lenin the smiling, benign father, gracing last year's November 6 issue. All his fierceness is now officially out of fashion. It would accordingly be unorthodox and untrue to portray Lenin as the fierce Bolshevik.

Something akin to religious enthusiasm appeared in *Pravda's* welcome to the New Year. Greetings radiate from the star of the Kremlin. Khrushchev sends forth his message, almost a benediction, "For the Peace and Joy of Peoples!" Venerable 1957 solemnly holds up Baby 1958 toward the light from above. Only two touches of humor appear amid this high seriousness. A cartoon with explanatory verses shows a giant rocket bomb, bedecked like a Christmas tree; around this the enfeebled nations of the West pitifully frisk and frolic; the fuse of the bomb is being lighted by old Uncle Sam, sinister in military garb, safe on the other side of the ocean. The other touch of lightness is in a message from the future, New Year in the year 2008. This tells of a certain gentleman called Rockefeller, last descendant of the oil king and himself the world's last capitalist. He has just gone bankrupt in competition with socialism. The poor fellow asks for five acres on Samoa where he may cultivate the world's last individualistic garden. The archives department graciously grants this request and finances it as a historical project. Students' excursions will be organized to study this relic from the past.

PONDEROUS HUMOR

Pravda uses little humor, however grim, but skilfully handles all the other devices of psychological thought-control. Tendentious photography, name calling, loaded terms, glittering generalities, smoke screens, half-truths, selective choice of facts, the "band wagon," transferred symbols, are all parts of its technique. All are adroitly manipulated and geared to the level of intellectuals. *Pravda* does not need to shout; it quietly states and suggests. The most outrageous lies are communicated with the straightest face. Direct rebuttal would be out of the question; even the thought of contradiction seems unthinkable. Truly, as the September 3 editorial so well claimed: "The Soviet press is a new type of press."

For us in a pluralistic society which thrives on the give and take of free expression, it is hard to imagine the force of this impact. If all our lives we read only one trend of thought, how many of us would ever seriously ask the questions that need to be asked? How many Russians, one wonders, or even how many students competent in science or the arts, how many of the world's most distinguished actors can escape a ceaseless barrage of well-directed propaganda? Monolithic cultures of the past have gone on almost unchanged for century upon century. Yet the full horror of totalitarianism has become possible only with modern thought dynamics. *Pravda* has been called the world's biggest and most boring newspaper. To this reader it seems the most frightening.

How Pius XII Died

Philip S. Land, S.J.

THERE IS by now no corner of the world into which the name Galeazzi-Lisi has not penetrated. But only one who has the opportunity to sample widely the press of Italy and Europe can realize the extent to which the degrading traffic in the Pope's death went.

There is Galeazzi's revolting clinical account of the Pontiff's last hours, and a later interview in which he thoroughly details the embalming process. There are the shocking photographs of various clinical operations performed on the dying Pope, and another, reportedly Galeazzi's work again, of the last agony itself. There are still others, an almost macabre series, showing Galeazzi and Nuzzi (discoverer of the embalming system) crawling over the catafalque in the dead of night at St. Peter's to renew their embalming. Final picture in this series is a pose of the two doctors, their heads just above the head of the august remains.

There are Galeazzi's other "revelations" based on years of intimacy as Pope's physician—intimate details and supposed conversations that concentrate narrowly on the human side. Presented at a more remote date, and in better context than their author is capable of giving them, they might be unobjectionable. (Actually grave doubt has been thrown on their authenticity by reputable authority.) Fortunately, the public finally had its fill and rebelled.

But there is an opposite tendency in handling news of the Pope's death which, while it does not disgust, as the former does, still does a disservice to the memory of Pius XII. This is the tendency to apotheosize.

Love and respect guide this tendency but they are, unfortunately, misguided love and respect. One wants all honor to be paid the revered Pontiff, and to bring this about one tends to surround the Holy Father's death—on slimmest evidence or by innuendo and implication—with details calculated to edify. Pope Pius XI was subjected to this mistaken devotion, and edifying deathbed utterances have been attributed to him which the very circumstances of his death rendered impossible.

The same stereotyping is at work on Pius XII. Edifying expressions of conformity to God's will and of giving his life for the world are vaguely reported. An impossibly extended and devout preparation for com-

munion is affirmed. Prophetic vision is hinted at: "Pray, pray that the Church may be spared these difficult hours." Toward the end, one paper reports, he raised himself upright upon the bed to bless those present and the world. One can imagine the apotheosizers averring, if they dared, that after his lips could no longer utter his Aves, the dying Pontiff's trembling hands yet told his beads.

But all this is both unfaithful and unfair to the memory of Pius XII. Unfair because the stereotype effaces the noble character of Eugenio Pacelli, leaving only the lovable image of the tall, aristocratic, saintly-looking figure in white, standing in the loggia above the square of St. Peter's, his arms extended to bless the world.

So far as the last day of his life is concerned, Providence precluded the circumstances required for a hagiographer's idealization of how a holy Pontiff should die. For Pius XII died to conscious life at the moment of the second attack, 7:30 A.M., Wednesday, October 8; he had no conscious moment from then till he drew his last breath some 16 hours later in the early morning of Thursday, October 9. But the conscious hours between the first and second attacks were not characterized by preoccupation with preparing for the end. The character of those hours was created by the Holy Father's own character: his self-command, his lack of sentimentality—above all, his enduring awareness of himself as Christ's Vicar.

The wakeful, conscious hours of that interval between Monday and Wednesday were occupied in the manner of a man who, far from thinking of imminent death, was preparing himself to take up shortly just where he had left off. Indeed, the Holy Father set about some of these tasks almost at the moment of first reawakening to consciousness. From that room of monastic simplicity (only a crucifix and a Madonna print adorned it), his head propped slightly in his crudely simple iron bed, Pius XII carried on his work as Pope.

He first undertook with a secretary's assistance the preparation and signing of telegrams in response to well-wishes of President Eisenhower, President Gronchi and others. He treated with Monsignor Dell' Acqua, substitute Secretary of State, about Vatican affairs. He wanted, as was his custom, to see press opinion on his illness as on any other event that concerned the Holy See. He had to be dissuaded from other business—"No, no, Holy Father, wait a bit." He was concerned about

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people who had come to Rome for audiences, and asked that his regrets be expressed to them. His physicians in these first hours were convinced that His Holiness would pull through and he himself set about doing so. He took nourishment. Late in the day he called for a bit of symphony music (Beethoven's First); and for a space, before dozing off, followed it, beating time weakly with his hand.

The only two overtly "pious" acts of that interim period were the way ("intensely meaning it") in which he repeated after his confessor the Anima Christi and the rosary. He got through one decade before dozing off; on reawakening, just three hours before the second and final collapse, his first words were: "We must finish the rosary we began."

It had been the same during the whole week leading up to his death. He seemed to be driving himself at a headlong work-pace as though, consciously or unconsciously, he felt that another interruption to his work was at hand. But this he would not have; and hence on Saturday, despite anxiety over the recurring hiccups, he gave an address, yielding to his doctors only to the extent of confining himself to reading the latter part of it. On Sunday at 9:25 A.M. he spoke for 20 minutes to a congress of notaries. He then received Monsignor Dell'Acqua and later joined the little Castel Gandolfo community in recitation of the rosary in honor of our Lady of Pompeii. In the afternoon he again received a group of 2,000 pilgrims at about 5:30 P.M.

It can be said with exactness that Pius XII was surprised by death. But this was according to his own expectations. Some two years ago he made his will. He did so at 2 A.M., and explained to one of the astonished witnesses that when he would die, he expected to be taken by surprise.

In the litany of the saints we pray to be delivered from a death which is *subitanea et improvisa*. Pius XII's death was *subitanea* (sudden or surprising) but not unprovided for. But, as we have said, in keeping with the theological character of his piety and his lack of sentimentality, the Pontiff's provision for death took the form of carrying on to the very end with the tasks Christ had assigned him, leaving the rest to the Master's disposition.

There is a widely held impression that the Holy Father—if this can be said without irreverence—had a sentimental streak in him; and hence there are those who had expected a more pietistic ending. Two ways in which some professed to discover this sentimentality were his great devotion to the Madonna and the warmth of his audiences—the public even more than the private.

It can be said at once that however great and tender the Holy Father's devotion to our Lady, it was never sentimental, never lacking that strictly theological character that was a hallmark of his devotional life. (The same can be said about his attitude toward Sister Lucy's undisclosed Fatima secret, to be revealed in 1960.)

Some have deduced from the great number of audiences he granted that the Holy Father enjoyed

popularity in the sense of being "the people's Pope." Others have seen in the warmth and the winning ways with which he embraced an audience the reciprocation of a sympathetic heart, caught up by, and responding to, the love and devotion he saw in the faces before him. But the truth is that the Holy Father's audiences were quintessentially a sacred ministry—a ministry of the word, partly doctrinal, partly pastoral. The pastoral characterizes more of the audiences by far than the explicitly doctrinal. They were for the Holy Father the exercise of a ministry, a view expressed most recently by *Osservatore Romano*. And without excluding the humanness and the fatherly element, one must insist upon the pastoral. Indeed, like any good preacher, the Holy Father knew that before he could instruct in God's word, he must reach people, he must know how to communicate himself. And this he knew how to do in superlative degree.

Just a few hours after his death the Holy Father's last will and testament were published. Extraordinarily brief (about 250 words), it is a noble document which once again instances the deceased Pontiff's lack of sentimentality and the theological character of his piety. First, there is the briefest conceivable calling upon God to witness this ultimate juridical act. *Miserere mei, Deus*. Then comes a straightforward acknowledgment that he may have not only scandalized but even offended and injured. For all such he asks pardon. He asks next that the obsequies be simple—and thus far they have surely been that. He does not, as predecessors had done, take this occasion to deliver a last spiritual testimony. For that he refers us to his writings. All this premised, a single last line designates the Holy See as heir—to precious little. His living relatives receive no mention in the will.

"*Degno*," my informant repeated several times, *Degno*. It was a death worthy of Christ's Vicar on earth.

Eternal Youth of the Church

The youth of the Church is eternal, for the Church does not grow old, changing her age as she does according to the conditions of time while she marches on to eternity. The centuries that she has passed through are but a day as the centuries that lie before her are but as a day. Her youth in the days of the Caesars is the same that now speaks to us. . . .

The Church of today cannot simply return to the primitive forms of the small initial flock. In her maturity, which is not old age, she holds her head high and maintains unchanged in her members the vigor of her youth. She remains necessarily what she was at her birth. Always the same, she does not change in her dogma or in her strength. She is impregnable, indestructible, invincible.

Pope Pius XII, Radio Address, May 13, 1942
(Catholic Mind [40] 1942, June 8, pp. 6-7).

U. S. Catholics Come of Age

Donald R. Campion

SO EXACT an author as sociologist Thomas F. O'Dea surely did not offer us his latest work without a careful eye to its title. Whatever the reasons for his choice, readers of *American Catholic Dilemma: An Inquiry into the Intellectual Life* (Sheed & Ward, 173 p., \$3) will be quickly reminded of another sociological study made immortal by citation in the Supreme Court's 1954 school-segregation decree. Though a far slimmer and less ambitious volume than Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, this book may also become a popular target for quick praise or blame. Immortality, if accorded, will come more slowly. Its guise may well be the increased number of American Catholics who follow in Professor O'Dea's scholarly footsteps.

The author's own path here is well-trodden. Critical analysis of her institutions is not new in the Church. Nor, despite the homiletic cast of early patristic calls to social reform, have the criticisms issued solely from the pulpit. Proof of this is the volume of religious research undertaken in the past two decades by French, Belgian and other European sociologists. Moreover, scientific in the most modern sense as these investigations have been, they may still turn for a model of objectivity, frankness and lasting significance of findings to the justly designated *aureum consilium* prepared at Rome in 1537. This outspoken "golden" memorandum on reforms badly needed in the Church's curia and elsewhere was the work of a committee of Cardinals. At his election to the papal throne as Paul IV, one of the committee, Cardinal Caraffa, appropriately chose as the motto of his pontificate the phrase "Judgment must begin in one's own house." The committee's report ably seconded this declaration of intent. Its accurate forecast of reforms later instituted by the Council of Trent demonstrated the vision and prudence of the eminent reporters.

PRESENT STATE OF THE QUESTION

American Catholicism, to be sure, has in recent decades vented little public discussion of intramural faults and failings. Our 19th-century brethren were more in the ancient stream. Debates on school policies, rural colonization, membership in trade unions and the mode or speed with which Americanization was to be achieved enlivened many pages in the chronicles of that period. Of late, however, a few carefully ventured opinions of scholars have stirred up in the Catholic

constituency some of the old-time interest. It may be well we are spared some of the heat likewise generated in the past by the amazingly frank comments of forthright prelates and freewheeling lay publicists.

Of course, approaches to institutional analysis and criticism differ widely. The much-publicized Church management audit of a few years ago served another function than that performed by the scientifically sophisticated researches of a Fichter, Kane or Ellis. Yet the spirit motivating all these endeavors remains that of a McQuaid, a Brownson or a Spalding. Interestingly enough, however, the current discussion to which Professor O'Dea now makes a provocative contribution differs from much previous Catholic debate because its subject is of some concern beyond the Church's membership. Though his effort is "to consider from a sociological perspective the factors which inhibit the development of an intellectual life among American Catholics," the Fordham sociologist recognizes that the problem is rooted in the broader American culture, in its corrosive effect of materialism, suburban conformism and activism on the creation, transmission and conservation of a liberally humane culture.

Still it must be insisted that the study concerns an American Catholic dilemma. He writes:

The fact is that although Catholics everywhere—and not Catholics alone but all believing Christians—have been placed on the defensive by the alienation of the Christian spirit from the modern world, they have produced important intellectual contributions. Yet in America, a country that ranks third among the nations of the world in Catholic population and first in Catholic financial assets, the problem of the lack of an adequate intellectual development has been most acute in its manifestations. (p. 85)

The question, then, is not simply, "Where are our Catholic Einsteins, Salks and Oppenheims?" That, too, is rightly asked. But where even in our ranks are the American Maritains, Guardinis, Mauriacs and, one may ask, the Adenauers and de Gasperis?

To pose such a question is to run a double risk. Defensive reactions may easily turn subsequent discussion into a display of unprofitable and improper charges only too reminiscent of political extremism. Professor O'Dea is equally fearful that discussion may "degenerate into a general lament devoid of constructive, policy-making effort."

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A sociological analysis by its nature can do no more than point to alternatives to be weighed in policy-making. (Which is not to say that the reader will misunderstand the general shape the author feels that policy should take.) To this end the present work interprets available studies and observations on the state of Catholic participation in intellectual life. Unlike Myrdal's classic study of the Negro in American society, it presents no new data. If valid, however, its hypotheses will point to significant American Catholic attitudes and the factors that give rise to them. Catholicism's institutional structure and functions, the status and role of clergy and laity, and above all the manifest and latent cultural patterns that compose the Church's social fabric, fall under scrutiny. Sound policy, it is hoped, will emerge from the insights thus derived.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL

The intellectual's vocation in any society often casts him in the ambiguous and unenviable role of challenger of popular misconceptions. His subsequent lot may be no worse than that of the child hastily silenced with the assurance that the emperor does have clothes; that, simply, they are imperially sheer. Of course, the gadfly who buzzes around long enough may meet with a dose of hemlock or the cultural equivalent of DDT. The "cake of custom" is not easily cracked.

Historical ambiguities further complicate the Catholic intellectual's status. An Aquinas may demonstrate the ease with which a Catholic can roam the furthest realms of the mind. Yet contemporaries are on record who viewed those same reaches with darkling suspicion. The most devoted of Christian scholars may know near-shattering tensions in his quest for a more complete interpenetration of reason and faith in his own consciousness. So costly a way of life will find few purchasers unless enduring cultural patterns guarantee esteem for the choice and adequately prepare the young to make it. Mr. O'Dea's key contention is that the cultural patterns of American Catholicism (particularly in their latent content) fail in these respects.

Evidence of Catholic intellectual leadership in other lands proves that the underrepresentation of American Catholics in the nation's intellectual life is not a dictate of essential Church doctrine or practice. History, however, offers some explanation of our existing situation.

The partial segregation of Catholicism from basic elements of the general American culture, the over-identification with other elements, the defensiveness, the definition of life in terms of getting ahead in the new world, the odd divisions of labor between clergy and laity, the lack of a continuing tradition that gave place of honor to intellectual pursuits—these are some aspects of our past history which affect our present (pp. 90-91).

But to cite these influences is not to defend their continued effect or to argue that they should be fostered or accepted today.

Policies, for instance, once dictated by the harsh necessities of existence as an immigrant minority in the midst of an aggressively non-Catholic population may

no longer be necessary or, indeed, desirable. The papacy, it is helpful to recall, once undertook vast functions of a civil or secular character. The renunciation of such a role, when no longer demanded by the historical context, may have been erroneously viewed by some as a blow to the basic structure of the Church. Similarly, added burdens of a nonpastoral nature, often forced upon the shepherds of first-generation flocks, in time may come to be regarded by the unwary as immutable demands of the ecclesiastical class system. We have lived into an age in which some of the virtues of a Hildebrand on the papal throne would appear more an anomaly than the functionally requisite phenomenon it seemed to 11th-century Christians. Can we as readily spot the changes in clergy-laity relationships made necessary or desirable by the altered cultural patterns or the new functional requisites of the vital institution which is the American Catholic Church?

Professor O'Dea readily admits the advantaged position of the critic who draws on hindsight. He properly insists at the same time that the critic's efforts can contribute greatly to genuine foresight. His purpose is not to provide a treasury of ready answers or a blueprint for action (other than that of further research). He does perform the intellectual's often unwelcome task of questioning institutional and human deficiencies.

One may, of course, quarrel with his presentation of some questions. Canonical legislation on books, by way of example, is the product of highly involved sociological and historical processes. To pose the right questions about present policy in this matter requires an extended exploration of these processes together with a reasonable understanding of the functions such legislation may and should fulfil today. Again, to frame adequate hypotheses in terms of social stratification requires explicit statement of the indices by which classes are to be identified. American sociologists pretty much agree that the validity of tags such as lower and lower-middle class must be carefully reviewed as one moves from region to region or, in fact, from community to community. Consequently, careful qualification of these terms is demanded in the framing of hypotheses.

A final reservation about the general method of this book may be in order. Health, the author rightly remarks, need not be praised. On the basis of this axiom he excludes from consideration, except in passing, the positive aspect of contemporary Catholic intellectual activity. His further reason for doing so, as I read him, is that a recitation of positive achievements would be either unnecessarily apologetic in intent or the product of an undesirable defense mechanism. Is it not possible, however, that a balanced review of the pa-



tient's over-all medical condition may facilitate the diagnosis the physician attempts? If progress has been made, meaningful clues should be sought to account for the change. Study of a patient's recovery may at least narrow down the range of significant variable factors and, possibly, point to a remedy against a relapse.

The demurral just hesitantly entered should not be read as a charge of undue pessimism. More than once the author has noted hopeful signs of change in the American Catholic scene. One such favorable portent is the simple fact of the discussion in which he participates. Then, too, a reasonable hope exists that increased social mobility may in time counterbalance any undesirable consequences of Catholics' present status position. Such words of good cheer once more recall Myrdal's magisterial reassurance. In a moment of sound prescience fifteen years ago the Swedish scholar expressed his conviction that at no time since the Reconstruction might fundamental changes in American race relations have been more reasonably anticipated. Such changes, he noted in the preface to his study, would "involve a development toward the American ideals."

In his informative introduction Gustave Weigel, S.J., sagely remarks that the publication of this book "does not mean that we have now heard the last word" on the state of intellectual endeavor among American Catholics. Professor O'Dea appends a heartfelt amen to that statement: "Our duty to God, to the Church, to the Republic and to ourselves demands that the present critical reconsideration of ourselves should be carried forward." (p. 166) Much of late has been said, it may be added, about a providential destiny thrust on the American people at this juncture of history. One convinced that the Church's mission is historical as well as trans-temporal cannot fail to see in this a special challenge to the American Catholic community. "In any society the strategically influential elites will shape the formation of those values and definitions of the human situation in terms of which policies and decisions are made." (p. 100) It is the contention of the author, and of all who must accept his intriguing thesis, that satisfactory Catholic participation in such an elite will come only through a wise resolution of the American Catholic Dilemma.

BOOKS

Origin and Progress of Catholic Colleges

A HISTORY OF CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES
By Edward J. Power. Bruce 383p. \$7

Dr. Power's important new book is going to raise the hackles of many of his readers but, agreeing or disagreeing, they will read every word of it. Despite my own disagreements with the interpretation and emphasis in several chapters, I think this scholarly work will cast strong, clear light on many current problems confronting Catholic higher education.

Catholic colleges can study in this book a substantially objective, interestingly written portrayal of their origins and pioneer years. Viewers, however, will not be entirely happy with what they find.

The development of Catholic higher education—the author treats almost exclusively of the men's colleges—was determined by three reasons for the establishment of Catholic colleges prior to 1850. The reasons are, according to Power, "preparatory work for the seminary, missionary activities and moral development." Inevitably this resulted in a preoccupation with the moral side of

education and a lack of concern for the intellectual formality of the college.

This is true—so far as it goes. The trouble is that it is not the complete story. Historical focus becomes blurred in this portion of Power's book, because 1) these reasons are abstracted from their social context, and 2) because important exceptions are either unmentioned or underplayed.

To hint at the "failure" of 19th-century Catholic intellectualism is to ignore the struggling immigrant character of the Church. The German artisans, the Polish workers, the Irish farmers and the Italian peasants who, in great measure, were the American Catholic Church between 1840 and 1920 had no university tradition behind them like the New England Puritans. Nor did they have the equivalent of a rabbinic tradition of learning like the Jews from Central Europe.

The very first Catholic collegiate foundations, however, predate the great immigrations and were made by men as aware of the intellectual function of the college as were the founders of other early American colleges. Georgetown University provides an example.

John Daley, the latest historian of Georgetown (upon whom Power draws heavily), makes an explicit denial that Georgetown was "founded specifically as a seminary" (*Georgetown University: Origin and Early Years* [Georgetown Univ. Press, 1957], xvi). Bishop John Carroll's pastoral of 1792 is only one among many pieces of evidence that vocations were neither the exclusive nor the primary function of the college. Carroll wrote that the object dearest to his heart was "to establish a college on this continent for the education of youth, which might at the same time be a seminary for future clergymen." (Emphasis added)

The Jesuit colleges in Europe were not founded merely to furnish the order with recruits nor the Church with seminarians, but "to diffuse knowledge, promote virtue and serve religion." Carroll wrote to a friend about Georgetown:

This is just the end we propose by our school, and though no members should take to the Church, we conceive this end alone well worth our most earnest concurrence, since it is the object of our daily labors and the establishment of this mission.

The Power history would have been strengthened had the author made it clearer that problems like the rigid discipline, the narrow curriculum, the moralist emphasis and the clerical domination of the colleges were not peculiar to Catholic institutions.

Mark Hopkins and his log remain a commencement orator's symbol of great teaching, and Hopkins' years as president of Williams College, 1836-1872, are popularly considered a golden age. Yet, here is a competent scholar's recent appraisal:

The absence of any overriding concern for the strengthening of standards during the Hopkins era was not accidental. The college, after all, was not pre-eminently interested in the intellect. As long as sound Christian influence could permeate the community, the college was almost ready to allow the mind to take care of itself. Certainly for many years Mark Hopkins and his faculty worried more about the character of their students than they did about their scholarship. (Frederick Rudolph, *Mark Hopkins and the Log: Williams College, 1836-1872*, Yale Univ. 1957, p. 222).

Moreover, in surveying the state of philosophy in the colleges of the United States in 1879, G. Stanley Hall, one of the pioneer faculty of Johns Hopkins University, gloomily wrote that there was small chance that a well-equipped student of philosophy could secure a position as a teacher of this clerical sub-

ject unless he were to bring his mind into "some sort of platonizing conformity with the milder forms of orthodoxy and teach a philosophy with reservations." Hall further claimed that there were less than a half-dozen colleges where metaphysical thought was entirely freed from reference to theological formulae.

There is so much valuable material in Dr. Power's history, none the less, that even these shortcomings can be overlooked. The author lays bare some of the early weaknesses in the Catholic colleges—among them, the appalling turnover among presidents, the inordinate emphasis on the administrator at the expense of both teacher and student, the common confusion between pastoral and academic responsibilities. Appendices provide the date of founding, date of charter and other valuable information for all Catholic college foundations, men's and women's colleges, from 1786 to the present. The \$7 price, however, seems excessive.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about this excellent book is that its author is a product of Catholic colleges and has chosen this same field for his life work.

NEIL G. McCLUSKEY

Assimilation Problems

THE PUERTO RICANS

By Christopher Rand. Oxford U. 178p. \$3.75

UP FROM PUERTO RICO

By Elena Padilla. Columbia U. 317p. \$5

The migration of Puerto Ricans to the U. S. mainland promises to be the most written-about migration in our history. This is fortunate for Puerto Ricans and mainlanders alike since much of the literature—like these books by Rand and Padilla—is likely to give everyone involved the understanding needed to cope with the migration intelligently.

The Puerto Ricans is the report of a skilful journalist, actually a reprint of articles published last year in the *New Yorker*. It describes the location of Puerto Ricans in New York City, and portrays the variety of human activities that make up everyday life in the *barrio*. It conveys the flavor of the Spanish movie house and the *bodega*; and Rand's dissertations on dance halls and dancing (pp. 27-33; 175-78) not only make the reader want to try the *merengue* himself; they also flash a picture, in the symbolism of dance and dance hall, of the process and the problem of cultural transition.

The reader catches vividly the pain of that experience, summarized in the Puerto Rican's description of New Yorkers as "a cold people"; he senses the bewilderment of Puerto Ricans and New Yorkers as they meet in city agencies, schools, settlement houses, police stations; he comes to appreciate the anxieties concerning color, and the tensions between Puerto Ricans and Negroes in New York.

In general, the book describes; it does not seek to analyze or explain. Based mainly on interviews presenting opposite opinions, it gives the reader a "feel" for the problem rather than a satisfying discussion of it. It is like a long and leisurely walk through the Puerto Rican section with a well-informed companion. But the walk excites compassion, not criticism. It leaves the reader *muy simpático*.

Up from Puerto Rico, on the other hand, is an anthropological study of a group of Puerto Ricans, mostly recent migrants, in a section of mixed immigrant groups in New York City which Padilla calls "Eastville." The study was carried out by participant observation that brought the research team into close contact with 500 Puerto Rican people, and by a focused interview with

48 heads of families. Where Rand passed by on the street, Padilla has gone into the home, become a member of the families, and attempted with anthropological concepts and method to provide an insight into the lives of "slum dwellers and unemployed or underemployed Puerto Ricans who live at the bottom of the ladder." (p. 50)

Padilla is careful to point out that there is not one Puerto Rican culture in New York; there are many, differentiated mainly by length of residence in the city. She gives a lengthy analysis of family and kinship, which is probably the most detailed and important available description of lower-class Puerto Rican families in New York. It deserves careful reading. Padilla points out that "consensual unions," the practice of man and woman living together without civil or religious marriage, is common in Eastville among Puerto Ricans and non-Puerto Ricans as well.

Among Puerto Ricans, "A consensual marriage that meets the standards of a good marriage gains as much social approval as a legal one, and those involved in such a relationship are not considered to be 'living in sin'." (p. 102) An insight into the very human circumstances surrounding these unions will be of great help to people who are striving to correct them. Padilla's discussion of the extended kinship group reveals the strength and loyalty which also characterize a great many Puerto Rican families. There is a chapter on the process of bringing up children, describing methods of dealing with behavior problems and of protecting the young girl. The whole discussion should convince the reader that, despite appearances and obvious difficulties, there are important values in these poor Puerto Rican families that must be taken seriously.

Padilla's discussion of color and race (pp. 67-81) as "one of the pivotal areas of conflict within the Hispano group and in the relations of Hispanos with the larger community" is as fine a treatment of this problem as this reviewer has found anywhere. There are chapters about school and neighborhood, sickness and stress, and the ever-present bewilderment of the Puerto Rican and the public agencies.

The book, however, raises questions about the adequacy of a strictly anthropological method in the study of a complicated urban situation. Padilla seems to shun statistics. She discusses race, but never says how many Puerto Ricans in Eastville are white, *trigüño*, colored. She mentions the desire for small families but gives no basic data

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Joyce Among the Jesuits

By KEVIN SULLIVAN

This is the story of the young James Joyce, of the years between his sixth and twentieth birthdays, and of the Irish Jesuit Schools he attended. Based on the school records of Clongowes Wood College, Belvedere College, and University College, Dublin—this is a fascinating picture of these famous Jesuit schools, their place in Irish life, and their influence on Joyce as an artist. "For the first time, the role of the Jesuits has become intelligible in the revolutionary literary achievement of . . . James Joyce. He would, I think, like this book."—William T. Noon, S.J., *America*. \$5.00

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about the size of the families studied. The use of the general terms "many" or "large numbers" may provoke careless overgeneralizations in people who use the book. There are few indications where in Puerto Rico these people came from—a crucial factor in any study touching on family life or religious practice. In fact, surprisingly little attention is given to religious practice at all. The discussion of employment and union activity is very inadequate.

These deficiencies should not be allowed to obscure the real value of this book in giving an insight into the culture of the Puerto Ricans in Eastville, and the way of life they develop as they strive to find their way in a strange world.

JOSEPH P. FITZPATRICK

Where We Stand

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1957

By Richard P. Stebbins. Harper. 411p. \$5.50

The year 1956 produced more than its share of dramatic happenings, including the drowning in blood of the gallant Hungarian uprising and the startling but poorly executed Anglo-French-Israeli assault upon Egypt. These and other events of that exciting year produced ramifications in the following year.

Important and consequential as they were, they nevertheless retreat into insignificance when compared with the successful launching of two earth satellites into orbit by the USSR on October 4 and November 3, 1957. Man had for the first time conquered the limitations placed upon his activities by gravity. As a result, world affairs took on a new dimension—that of space. By their remarkable achievement there can be little doubt that the Soviets scored a considerable propaganda victory.

Besides, 1957 was a year which continued the custom of interpreting world affairs from a triple rather than merely a double standpoint: the Communist bloc, based on the USSR and Red China; the anti-Communist Western nations, especially the NATO countries; and the neutral or "anticolonial" or "uncommitted" lands, principally Afro-Asian states which looked to such people as Nehru and Nasser for direction and inspiration.

Soviet Russia's great achievement in being the first country to orbit a man-made moon revealed scientific and engineering talents hitherto unsuspected by the world at large. All over the world

the stock of the USSR was considerably upgraded. From the standpoint of the Communist bloc, Russian leadership was dramatically reasserted. In the non-Communist Western grouping there was some tendency to sneer at the United States, which seemingly had at last received its comeuppance. Finally, in the "uncommitted" lands there was more than a mild tendency to exalt Russia and denigrate the United States.

Faced with the grave danger of falling behind the enemy, it was obvious that the United States had to intensify its efforts and coordinate them more effectively than ever. It was forced to realize that "the concept of national self-sufficiency is now out of date" and that the free world can progress and be safe "only in genuine partnership, by combining resources and sharing tasks in many fields." Furthermore, the great American public began to re-examine many policies and procedures. It was widely felt that trying to safeguard the Western military lead was not enough and that serious attention should be given to nonmilitary areas, a field in which the Soviets had already scored impressive victories.

Thus, complex though the events of 1957 were, they were dwarfed by the implications of the two Sputniks. Hence the attention given them in this review.

This latest addition to the annual series sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations may take its place in that excellent collection with grace and ease. It has the advantage—which many of its predecessors lacked—of making its appearance within six months after 1957 has become history.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY

With This Ring . . .

THE CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON MARRIAGE

By John L. Thomas, S.J. Hanover. 191p. \$3.50

Nothing is needed more in the United States today than a new apologetic for the Catholic doctrine on marriage. Conditions are such now that our position on this subject is misunderstood, not only outside the Church, but is received oftentimes lukewarmly, where it is not rejected, by many of the faithful.

The Church, therefore, has a difficult job of salesmanship and few of its spokesmen are as qualified to promote the Catholic viewpoint on marriage as Fr. Thomas. For more than ten years now he has written often and well on

the reasons why Catholics are not in a good position to initiate, develop or regulate the customs and practices adopted by American society relative to marriage. This most recent work is an extension of his many lectures and repeats in part some of the animadversions of the *American Catholic Family*.

The eight chapters of this book have four logical divisions: the problem, the Catholic meaning of marriage, the American culture, and what kind of programs are best suited to meet the challenge of secularism. He gives the philosophical and theological bases of our doctrine on birth control, rhythm, abortion, mixed marriages, divorce and artificial insemination, though not as much on the sociology of marriage as I would like to see.

Early in the book he indicates the cause of so much of our current family distress—the denial by the so-called Protestant reformers of the sacred nature of marriage. Luther and Calvin made marriage exclusively a secular way of life and opened the door to all the social evils we now lament. The new family system in the Western world is Protestant in origin and has very little in common with fundamental and ancient Christian marriage doctrine.

The apologetic of the Church in recent years has been defensive—and this defensiveness is evident in the last chapter of Fr. Thomas' book. Cana and pre-Cana conferences, family retreats, even the Christian Family Movement, merely insulate more and more of our people against the secular virus. We need even more of a counteroffensive than will be found here, developed thought which will demolish the foundations of our secular marriage culture. But until that book comes along, this is one of the best to be found. **GEORGE A. KELLY**

THREE PRIESTS

By Joseph Dever. Doubleday. 453p. \$4.50

Mr. Dever paints here on an extraordinarily large canvas what amounts to an outline of clerical life in the Midwest during the '20s, '30s and '40s. The story of the priestly threesome begins in their preseminary days and continues to the point where two of them have achieved the dignity of the episcopacy.

The counterpointed characters are Fr. Whelton, instinctively leaning toward the liberal side; Fr. Wagner, drawn with much the same sympathies, but with rather less seriousness of purpose; and Fr. Lambert, the instinctive conservative who feels no urge to moderate his conservatism. It is a large order

to trace three so divergent men through so long a period and one of the author's principal achievements is the manner in which, very skilfully, he darkens and makes more heavy the characters' features as they advance into middle age and the subtle but significantly altered attitudes of maturity.

Even as there is a considerable variety in character portrayal, so is there a very wide variety of incident and background. Racial problems, labor difficulties, the mechanics of diocesan organization and clerical advancement, youth work, corrupt politics, the New Deal, Franco, indeed most of the things which American Catholic history saw during those years find at least casual inclusion. Fortunately, the author can and does tell a story well and many of the episodes come almost startlingly to life.

This is the third novel by Mr. Dever

on what might be called the public life of the American Catholic Church. It would be interesting to see him, in his next work, turn his warmth and sensitivity toward the private life of the Church as it is reflected in American Catholic family life.

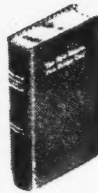
BRENDAN CONNOLLY

THE PRIMACY OF LOVE

By August Adam. Transl. by E. C. Noonan. Newman. 217p. \$3.25

One of the great needs of the Church today is the elucidation of a positive position toward sex. Most particularly is this need felt in the United States where many, reacting to our own puritanical past, have adopted the seeming broad-minded position of a marital "live and let live." The pastoral attitude has necessarily opposed the consequent separation of ethical obligation

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and sex behavior, yet it has set as a standard a series of negative norms. Everyone seems to be aware of what should not be done; few are aware of the positive role of sex in human spiritual life.

Fr. Adam makes a decided contribution to the elaboration of a positive position toward sex. First, he opposes the present-day reduction of the meaning of morality to questions of sex behavior; second, he returns to the rich tradition of the Church and shows that it is the love of the "other" person that is primary in a Christian ethic. Theoretically, of course, hardly anyone denies the

primacy of love. Practically, however, we have almost become Sixth Commandment Catholics. As the author remarks, many faithful are in "a perpetual state of anxiety" with regard to that commandment. The author returns to St. Thomas, for whom love takes precedence.

This book has been written for the priest. This is readily noticed in the occasional litany of authoritative theologians of past centuries. Yet this does not diminish its value for the layman. One is disturbed, however, to see that no use has been made of the works of Dietrich von Hildebrand, an almost in-

excusable weakness. The book is highly recommended, not only for the clergy but also the layman. It points to one thing: we must ask our priests to teach us love.

ROBERT M. BARRY

SO LOVE RETURNS

By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. 214p. \$3.50

Gently persuaded by Robert Nathan's story-telling art, the reader finds it easy to suspend his disbelief and to be caught in the spell of a water spirit, a beautiful and benevolent creature who assumes in turn the robes of mother, lover and guardian angel.

Lenny, writer of children's books, lives with his children, Trisha and Chris, on the California coast. They have managed to get along since the death of Trina, Lenny's wife, but he is lonely and at times uneasy about the welfare of the children despite eight-year-old Trisha's precocious competence and his own efforts at homemaking. He has been writing a book about a sea-witch and Trisha, who plays with paper dolls while he writes, has objected to his making the sea-witch ugly; she believes in sea-witches and maintains that they are beautiful and that they dance on the sand—minuets—and leave little footprints like birds.

When Lenny hears cries from the beach one day, he rushes down to find Trisha frightened because Chris has nearly drowned and has been saved by a young woman. Even in his anxiety, the



man feels that the girl reminds him of his wife, especially in the sound of her voice. The strange girl walks away and it is some time before they find her again, but she does come back and the children come to love Kathleen, to look to her for help and for approval. Lenny falls in love with her and—in the classic way of legend—this is their undoing.

Balancing this lovely, delicate modern myth, there is a sturdy background of plausible detail: Lenny's worries about his ability to earn a living; his friends and their earthy attitudes and activities; his flirtation with television—which gives an opportunity for a bit of Nathan's irony. Indeed, if Nathan chooses to make one of his characters



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other-worldly, he himself is very much in the world—recording its beauties and its foibles.

As sources for his tale Nathan quotes one of his own sonnets, "Beauty is only altered, never lost," and a passage from Bernard of Trèves: "These Beings are indeed Sendings, for they are sent to the Beloved to take the place of one gone from his side. But being not of Mortal Flesh, for them to love as a mortal is forbidden; and such taking place, they must find themselves recalled into the Element from which they came."

MARY STACK McNIFF

Our Reviewers

NEIL G. McCLUSKEY, S.J., associate editor of *AMERICA*, is author of *Public Schools and Moral Education*, to be published next month by Columbia U. Press.

JOSEPH P. FITZPATRICK, S.J., is associate professor of sociology at Fordham University.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY is associate professor of history at M.I.T.

REV. GEORGE A. KELLY, director of the N. Y. Archdiocesan Family Life Bureau, is author of the recent *Catholic Marriage Manual* (Random House.)

BRENDAN CONNOLLY, S.J., is professor of English at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

ROBERT M. BARRY is assistant professor of philosophy at the College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Minn.

MARY STACK McNIFF is on the reviewing staff of the *Boston Pilot*.

MUSIC

Enjoying an opera in the security of an opera house—or a living room—the contented listener may be quite unaware of the problems that the work presented to the composer. A case in point is Mozart's *Idomeneo*, a work in which, as Dent says, "we see the young composer (age 24) at his greatest heights."

Commissioned by the Court of the Elector of Bavaria, the music was set to a libretto which Mozart found long-winded and undramatic. The librettist, an abbé of Salzburg, proved difficult when the composer started making cuts. As for the singers for whom the

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By MICHAEL WILLIAMS. Completely revised by ZSOLT ARADI. This new edition of the standard work on the organization and workings of the Church by the founder of *The Commonweal* takes into account the latest changes in the world situation—the Church in the Communist countries, for instance—in the Roman organization and administrative processes, legislation and rites. \$5.75

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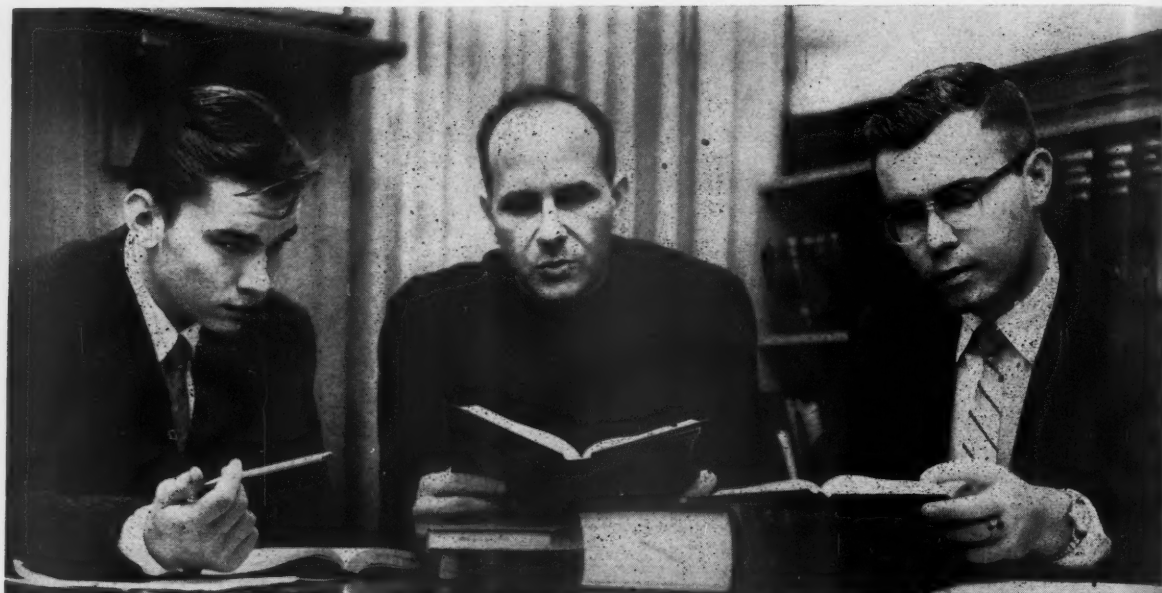
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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

10

LAS Liberal Arts and Sciences	IR Industrial Relations	Sc Science
AE Adult Education	J Journalism	Sy Seismology Station
C Commerce	L Law	Sp Speech
D Dentistry	M Medicine	
Ed Education	Mu Music	Officers Training Corps
E Engineering	N Nursing	AROTC Army
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Marquette University (Milwaukee)	LAS-AE-C-D-E-Ed-G-J-L-M-N-Sy-Sp-AROTC-NROTC

work was written, the elderly tenor chosen for the title role did not approve of new-fangled ideas, and the castrato chosen for the part of Idamante had little ear for music and less experience of the stage. Yet over all these handicaps the grave and noble beauty of the music triumphs. And it contains one of the loveliest ensemble pieces in the entire operatic repertoire.

In style and form the opera belongs in the tradition of Gluck's *opera seria*, and for that reason it will reserve its appeal for those whose taste runs along classical lines. The work, revived by the Glyndebourne Festival some years ago, is now presented by the same group in an excellent Angel set featuring Richard Lewis, Leopold Simoneau and Sena Jurinac, with John Pritchard as conductor.

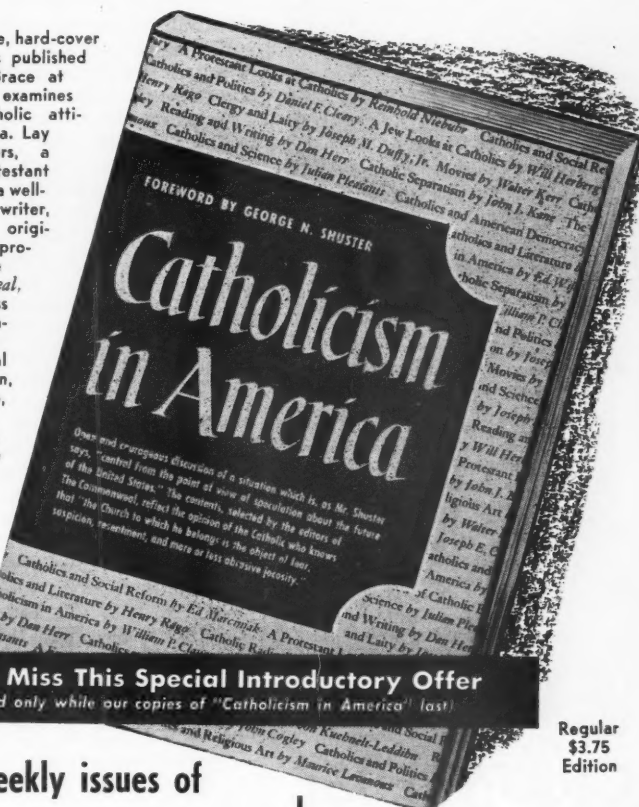
Libretto problems also beset Verdi during the greater part of his career as a composer, and as Dyneley Hussey has remarked, "it was not until he found, in Arrigo Boito, a poet who could supply his own deficiencies that Verdi's genius was able to put out its full strength." Verdi first called upon Boito in 1880, asking him to revise the libretto of *Simon Boccanegra*, a work which had met with failure when first staged in 1857. Not even Boito, however, could put clarity into the confused plot—disguises, mistaken identities, babies switched in their cradles. The revised score reveals the master hand, to be sure, and one can understand why the composer was particularly fond of it. But Verdi's public, always eager for a fresh and lilting tune, has adjudged it "too serious." And the tragic title character, a man of sadness rather than action, somehow fails to win affection. The work now appears (on Capitol) in its best possible light, presented by an all-star cast consisting of Tito Gobbi, Boris Christoff, Maria de los Angeles, Giuseppe Campora and the Rome Opera under Santini.

Five years previous to his work on the revision of *Boccanegra*, Boito had presented another Italian composer, Amilcare Ponchielli, with a libretto adapted from a Hugo novel and entitled *La Gioconda*. This is hardly a standard by which to judge Boito's talent, for if *Boccanegra* has its obscurities, it is none the less a model of logic and unity when compared to *Gioconda*. The story is told that the American singer Lillian Nordica confessed that she did not really understand the plot, though she had sung the title role many times. No matter. Every opera devotee has enough patience to wait for the "Dance of the Hours" ballet, the melting aria "Cielo e

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mar," as well as the breathless moment when Gioconda walks across the stage while singing a pianissimo high B-flat. Over and above this, the opera is full of grand scenes, grand choruses and grand passions; no audience could justly ask for more. And perhaps no better cast could be gathered than Victor has gathered for its new album: Milanov, Warren, Amparan, di Stefano, Elias and the St. Cecilia Academy of Rome under Privetali. A memorable experience.

Three other items must be mentioned here, however briefly. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has established himself in a remarkably short time as one of the master interpreters of 19th-century German song. Whether singing the pleasant but little-known Brahms *Magelone Songs* (Decca) or a cross-cut of Schubert's finest inspirations (on Angel), he reveals a sense of style and an interpretative insight that make comment seem trivial.

The recorded history of music, known as Archive Production, has been characterized by typical German thoroughness from the beginning, and perhaps for that reason it is the most satisfying history of sound now obtainable. Another set of albums entered the catalog last month, including four Cantatas of Bach (Nos. 53, 152, 158 and 200), in which solo voices play the most prominent roles.

FRANCIS J. GUENTNER

THEATRE

LE TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR, presented at the Broadway by S. Hurok under the auspices of the French Government, is a minor classic beautifully performed by members of the Théâtre National Populaire, as a change of pace between works by Molière, Victor Hugo and other widely known dramatists. The central character of the comedy is a young woman disguised as a man (as happens in several of Shakespeare's lighter plays) who found her true love when the author could invent no more engrossing complications to dissuade the audience from going home. It is an amusing and humorous story, but in this instance the play is *not* the thing.

The significance of the production is in the acting. It is a style of acting rarely encountered on our stage. These French actors make hands, arms, all the muscles of the body, including eyelids, express the intentions and emotions of the characters. They offer mature theatregoers an experience of fine acting never to be forgotten.

After a short run in New York, the

Théâtre National Populaire will go on tour. There should be rejoicing in the hinterland among all who hunger for elegant acting.

LISTEN TO THE QUIET. It seems that the Blackfriars have discovered a playwright; and the discovery, as Father Carey implied in an intermission speech, may be of incalculable significance to Catholic theatre—and the American stage as well. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how anything could benefit our theatre more than an infusion of drama that reflects the Catholic attitude toward life and human destiny. While reluctant to don the mantle of prophecy, one can hazard the hope that Fred J. Scollay is the fugleman of numerous undiscovered Catholic playwrights.

His first play, the Blackfriars' current production, is a drama of spiritual fortitude in the frame of a thrill play. The scene is a cell in a prison behind the Iron Curtain, and the inmates are a mute pickpocket, a blind girl, an alcoholic, an unlucky American tourist and a priest. All are subjected to inhuman cruelty and at first only the thief and the drunkard can take it. The others crack.

For more information on how the story ends, your observer suggests a visit to Blackfriars' Theatre, the earlier the better. Catholic theatregoers, it seems superfluous to mention, are various in taste. Mr. Scollay offers thoughtful Catholics a ration for contemplation while those who crave action revel in enough violence to satisfy the most avid of Mickey Spillane fans. There are interludes of sentiment and a continuous flow of grim humor, evidence that Mr. Scollay has acquired the tools of drama and knows how to use them.

The characters are sharply etched and vividly portrayed by an apparently dedicated cast directed by the author.

THE FAMILY REUNION. T. S. Eliot seems to have a special gift for writing obscure drama and endowing it with universal significance. In the play at the Phoenix, presented by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton, the central character has an obsession of guilt which causes anxiety among his relatives, and there is an implication that the mental suffering of the family is punishment for sins committed by his mother and his aunt during his prenatal life. The drama seems to declare that the consequences of sin do not stop in the individual who commits it, but can contaminate a family or, inferentially, infect society.

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While the motivation of the drama
is murky and its meaning obscure, the
characters are so deftly drawn that they
become viable personalities, reaching
out to us for understanding and sym-
pathy. We cannot withhold our sym-
pathy; we are convinced that their suf-
fering has cosmic importance. We can-
not give them understanding, since they
themselves do not know the cause of
their anguish and most of them never
learn.

Directed by Stuart Vaughan, the play
is performed by a precision-drilled com-
pany, headed by the superlative veter-
ans, Lillian Gish and Florence Reed.
Costumes and lighting were furnished
by Will Steven Armstrong. Norris
Houghton designed the set that pro-
vides an atmospheric setting for a drama
that greater clarity could have made
a good deal more impressive.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

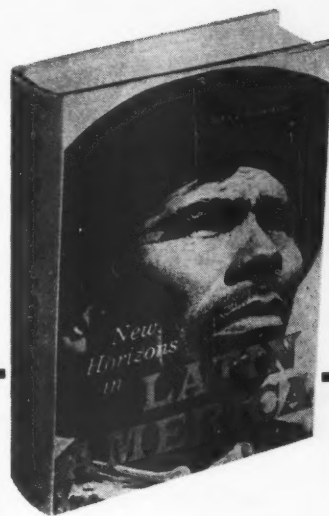
THE WORD

*And to crown all this, charity; that is
the bond which makes us perfect. So
may the peace of Christ, the very con-
dition of your calling as members of a
single body, reign in your hearts (Col.
3:14-15; Epistle for the 24th Sunday
after Pentecost).*

We would like to open this present dis-
cussion with a pair of quotations. Says
good Monsignor Knox of today's Epistle,
and the italics are his: "St. Paul seems
to be concerned here to emphasize the
obliteration of distinctions which results
from Christian discipleship. When man
is renewed, he has told us, there is no
more Greek or Jew, circumcision or un-
circumcision, barbarian or Scythian,
slave or free man; 'the only thing that
matters about anybody is Christ.'"

The other quotation comes from a
current issue of a national news-maga-
zine. "No major Christian group in the
United States has taken so strong and
consistent a stand against racial dis-
crimination as the Roman Catholic
Church. Yet, as the battle grows hotter,
militant partisans of integration are
troubled by signs that the Catholic po-
sition may be weakening." There follows
the evidence for this really terrifying
observation; the present writer is in no
position to assess that evidence.

Can this awful thing be true? Is
American Catholicism about to record
a stunning failure, a lamentable defec-
tion just at the most critical hour, in the
very article of holy triumph, "even in
the breach of heaven's assaulted wall"?



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We have our Saviour's pledged word for it that Holy Mother Church will never stumble in her sacred labor of teaching the inerrant doctrine of Christ. We have no such word—indeed, both the parables of Christ and the history of the Church proclaim the opposite—that persons or groups in the Church will never fail to support and implement and practice the clear moral imperatives of our Lord, even while those same persons or parties pay pious lip-service to those same imperatives of that same Lord. Is such a day of darkness and season of shame about to be recorded in the history of American Catholicism?

Holy Mother Church has been the marvel of almost 2,000 years of human destiny for something more than the quite adequate reason that she alone has made, and made to stick, the incredibly daring claim to doctrinal infallibility. She has equally been the wonder and the envy and the reproach of the world for her fearlessness, her boldness, her courage. The mass of men and the majority of their leaders have drifted steadily in the comfortable direction of dissoluble marriage and artificial contraception and sexual license, and ever more fiercely and bitterly they raise their voices and shake their fists against the ancient and holy Mother who alone—actually and literally alone!—would dare to check the wilful, guilty course of wilful, guilty men. And the Catholic Church flinches not for an instant. Unmoved and granite-like she stands, inexorably repeating, in tones of eternal thunder, the immutable commands of her Lord: *Thou shalt not . . . Thou shalt not . . .*

And now, in this clear day and in this appointed place, in this moment of holy destiny, will the Catholic Church in America grow fearful and unsure? Can it be that now, with the longing, trusting eyes of millions fixed upon her, the Bride of Christ in America will be betrayed and discredited by the meek, milky merchants of a cowardice that masquerades in the robes of virtuous prudence?

Said one of the pseudo-leaders of the French Revolution: "I must go out and see where the mob is going, for I must lead them." It is not to be believed that the fearless, all-embracing Lord Christ will so abandon His Church in America that she will consent for an instant to the blind, brutal leadership of the most un-Christian and unsanctified section of the Catholic laity.

Lord Christ, Saviour of *all* men, hurry to our aid! *O salutaris Hostia: Da robur! Fer auxilium!*

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